1920

January 1920

Monks Hoare
Rodmell

7th Jan:

To begin the year on the last pages of my old book — the few I'm not going off for fair writing — is all upside-down of course; but of a piece with the character of the work.

This is our last evening. We sit over the fire waiting for post — the cream of the day, I think. Yet every part of the Day here has its merit — even the breakfast without toast. That — however it begins — ends with Pippins: most mornings the sun comes in; we finish in good temper; & I go off to the romantic chamber over grass rough with frost & ground hard as brick. Then Mrs. Dedman comes to receive orders — to give them, really, for She has planned our meals to suit her day's cooking before She comes. We share her oven. The result is always savoury — stews & mashes & deep many coloured dishes swimming in gravy made thick with carrots & onions. Elsie aged 18 can be spoken to as though she had a head on her shoulders. The house is ~~comfortable~~ empty by half past eleven. Empty now at five o'clock; we tend our fires, cook coffee, read, I find, luxuriously, peacefully, at length.

Yet — But I should not spend my time on an indoor chronicle, unless I largely sketched the descending of winter down — meadow — the receding

of what takes my breath away at every turn. Here the sun
cut for example & ash the upper twigs the tree as if
clipped in fire: the trunks emerald green: even
bark was so bright pink, & noticeable as the skin of a
lizard. Then there Arbeham hill more misted;
the windows of the long train spots of sun: the smoke
lying back on the carriages like a rabbits top of grass.
The chalk quarry glows pink: & my water meadows
look as June, until you see that the grass is short,
& rough as a dog's back. Must I could go on
counting what I've noticed page after page. Every day
or nearly I've walked towards a different point -
come back with a string of these matchless & marvels.
Five minutes from the house one is out in the open,
a great pull over Arbeham: a, as I say, every direction
bears fruit. Once we went over ~~to~~ the Combe &
up onto the down - a dim Sunday afternoon - muddy on
the road, but dry up above. The long down grass pale,
& as we pushed through it up got a hawk at our
feet feet, seeming to trail near the ground, as if
weighted down - attached to something. It let the
burden fall, a yard high as we came up. We
found the wings of a partridge attached to bleeding
stump. for the Hawk had almost done his
meal. We saw him go back to find it.
Further down the hill side a great white owl

'wavy' (for that describes his way of wearing a hat round a tree – the plumey rest look shiny in the dusk adding to the to the word) 'wavy in the dusk' flew behind the hedge as we came past. Village girls were returning, a calling out to friends in doors. So we cross the field a churchyard, find our Coke burnt through to red, toast the bread — & the Evening comes.

L: has spent most this time pruning the apple trees, & tying up plums to the wall. He do this he wears two jackets, 2 pair stocks, two pair of gloves: even so the cold bites through – these last days have been like frozen water muffled by the mist into atoms of ice against the cheek: then, in the shelter, forming round you in a still pool. Yesterday I explored towards the house with the white chimneys, finding a grass drive all the way: brooks struck off to the right blue as if with sea water. From one a snipe rose zigzagging across & across, flurried & swift. As I advanced the pewits rose in clouds, one dallying behind, crying pee weet, pee weet. Then up in the air across the meadows one sees the [the post – but only Mathew letters] handful of grain flung in a semi circle – what birds they are I never know. On the down this afternoon I saw the usual flight go up in front of me, & then half wheeled round & other way. Bells tinkling as I walked along the valley came from a flock attached to the green side, – there on the top against the sky was a string of three great cart horses, stock still, as on a summers day;

for they were beside a corn stack. And this I take is my last page & my threat about courtesy thus & that limit was a true one. Strangers may have figured less than the red fences, the guns & the mountings. Letters have come with as usual about Mrs A: from Sheppard & Roper; both the kind I like; a old Kathy Mayne & nothing but stupidity, which don't hurt much — but I'm ashamed of beginning the year with this gossip. Reading Empire & commerce to my genuine satisfaction, with an impartial delight in the closeness, passion, & logic of it; indeed I found many new & then to read each heading work attentively. For the rest; the Education of Henry Adams, & I wrote my article in English prose for Mary; & now French Roselle, taking leave still from the Tiones.

Sat. 10th Jan: 1920

Ah, that's all very well, but a fate conspires against a solemn opening ceremony. True, I've taken a new nib; but I'm perched high in my chair, & can't settle to read or write waiting for Lotty to bring in my tea tack, under which to mend my aged broken down carved arm chair. Entrails years ago burst their barriers, & for the part it's mostly I've sat on a ridge of wood. Leonard suddenly undertakes to contrive Entrails within packing; but we wait for Lotty. A few minutes walk spread to 45 - with her: the cabs in Mein Stamford.

So the New year is broached; 10 days yet already spent. The Ivy Club has the secret of gathering my particular set to a lunch about 4.30 on a week day. There, returning on Thursday, I found Clive (I heard him from the stairs) Morgan, Ridgeon & Oliviers - varieties of Oliviers. New Clive showed as sunlight beside Morgan's normal day - his day not sunny or tempestuous but a day of pure light, capable of showing up the range of powder, the dent & wrinkles, the crack & contortions of my poor parrokeet. He makes me feel the footlights in reply. The blend of the two was not agreeable; or rather not comfortable. Morgan had a matron waiting for him at 41 Leicester Square. Clive took me in a taxi to Regent Square, after making play with the name of Lytton Strachey. I ran up ahead, & found the room bright & lively; the baby crawling out to fall up a corner. Nessa in her spotted feather hat with the pink plume. I think the thing redeems the rest of her home spun - very successfully. I also think (as Lotty - went home in - my wifely wanting - Leonard to read - Oh dear what my charms are beneath the horizon; Mary's about level with the eye; & Nessa's lying resplendent like the harvest moon - why, otherwise dwell so rapturously to me in her dress at the party, her beauty, her grandeur? God knows - perhaps to make himself shine brighter. A long yellow lock hung beneath his ear. "I must cut your hair" said V. whereupon he lost his hat at quickly, & seized the long strand, recovered its mirror - to cover the bald patch. But it wouldn't stay, & fell back again a little reproachfully. But it wouldn't stay, & fell back again a little reproachfully.

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lacking grease to keep it in place. Compliments for me: but offered as if he were no longer the privileged purveyor. To home by Victoria, noticing there the hustler in his box.

Wed Jan 14th

On Sunday the Shores dined here; Monday nothing; Tuesday Club a talk, almost an intimate kind, with Sumbo; Bob. T: Fitzgerald, Alix, the background; ~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday is the present moment in from a snatched walk at Kew, awaiting Leonard, & expecting a large party. Dogfish Joshua's ale: at 7-30. So I write as if waiting for a train. I might fill this page & the succeeding ones with the Shores's gossip. but I have never determined how far it is permitted to go here in indiscretion. I should have to write at length to retail this specimen properly, which is the conclusive reason against it. But it referred to the three days of revelation at Garsington: there was a flush of confession — it seems, poured into Fitzgerald ear. It shews how little one knows one's kind. I should never have expected long fatuous Philip in his leather gaiters, double breasted waistcoat & jewelled buttons to go these lengths. According to Gerald the general feeling round in the war party — such a lonely, in some ways unhappy man. I can't help smiling at the thought of these semi-ducal, (demi-semi at most I admit) Children playing in the suburbs of Ealing & Streatham, living to be insurance clerks or the like, whole perspectives lacks are there! There! The cats out of the bag.

My intimacy with Sumbo came on the flood tide of her appreciation of Nod. "So solid - so large - such a great-farm building" — "It belongs to literature - an addition to life". Such sentiments warm one to people. Apart from them as I think this diary records I have warmed to her these past years. gazing at a good deal of dreariness, & half expecting that the old light would never blaze again. Now it begins to flicker

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a that is the design of her novel. I wonder, parenthetically, whether I too, deal thus openly in autobiography - Cake & fiction?. - Her story is the story of M.S. & J.W: & the conclusion is that the regain happiness, though losing the object. My brain at once tries to clothe her story for her. - how happiness is to be represented by a green here; a yellow there & so on (now whether or not some instinct of story telling is really stirring in me). She is to send me her chapters.
Leonard's book is out today. To judge by his calm you would not think it. Great gale in the Bay of Biscay, two days, & Bella must have passed through. a Cornish steamer wrecked too off Swanage; & on our windows such a battering at night that we woke twice. Violent gusts leaping out of the heart of complete calm - a suggestion of animal savagery: or human frenzy. But what with glass & brick we have been living do pretty well. I sometimes think with wonder that - given the immense thickness & stability of Hogarth House - it would be easy to whittle away with a penknife, should I so choose. And here - thank God then - is L:

Sat. 27th Jan

Then there was the party, seven in skeleton above. Denis Doggett Joshua in pale pink, & the shoes of Artemis - laced with silver round the ankles. Doggett the spruce innocent young man; with eyes like brown trout streams. The aged dancing nervously; a Cecil Taylor, to my mind, adequately filling the part of enlightened schoolmaster. We got through dinner very well on spurs of Cambridge Christianity; they went, to my taste, lightly & briskly after dinner; & then Bob came in: At once we were in another atmosphere. Fantasies were crushed. A Cambridge evening & the gales, a danger evening; the gaiety gone; masons, & what common sense; worldly literary criticism, &, what

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annoyed me every attempt at a different word & finished entirely by Bob's indefatigable stupidity. He wears blinkers & sees an impassable stretch of road but a narrow one. Shepherd loved dancing; We argued; We deliberated. He arrived, pale as clay, & not much lighter in the mind. I lost my balance; my vanity was wounded — in short, I think Bob spoilt the party — but as for seeing that he spoilt it that Nina is not sure being completely. In great doubts going to see Mr Lilian Taylor: the young people one can scarcely like or dislike. So the party ended. Bob stays. I was gratified by praise of my novel. On this account I suppose I found the morning next to him than the night. We got back into the Cambridge atmosphere.

Then tea for the night: now dressed for the night; tomorrow I go to Rogers for the night. Ate rather heavy food, & cutting up the week into little bits. We had to put off Lucy Clifford. I'm writing daily, wishing that I were dressed, for a holiday night. It has been made necessary to Eagle on the Statesman.

Tuesday. 20th Jan:

Years ago as a child I made up the a wise saw to the effect that if one didn't expect a party to be nice it was a different way round. It demands, first was Easy, refreshing, & passed without hitch. We had a few store of talk to keep us going. — the story of his voyage — of Captain Drake & Captain Hawkins: their obscenity that made one sick, the squall at sea; anwat at Cape Town: Mrs Paley's surprise; Paley's greeting, 'but We didn't expect you — ! His wife ('Desmond failed' arriving Desmond failed. Can indeed he might probably have done) — ah this is the lovely wife Doris, with more than the usual perhaps — abundance. As for decadence or decay — not a trace yet: fresh & fervid & friendly. Then much

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talk of the New Statesman - projects without number - to be noted down: letters to be written. Secretly, I think, he was much elated & pleased. Five hundred assured; 250 yet dependent on a weekly article, signed Affable Hawk (this a dead secret). Off we went after tea to Rogers, ele across Europe to the Brecknock Arms. Bless! pass you bound for Barnet. As we both depend upon holding to a button naturally we did not arrive easily. The house very high & narrow, with many large rooms & a bright lining of pictures. Roger to my eyes frightfully shrunken. aged? Can one use that word of him? And I don't know how much I colour him from my own depression - for I guessed he didn't much care for N & W. So I went on to fancy him wilful: to trace veins of irrational prejudice in him: He showed freakish leftside of his benevolence: old Sea Captain's telling dirty stories not in his line: now novels rather - but he professed to find it much inferior to the V.d.

Wed. 21st Jan:

It would be easy to take up the line that Roger's fame is not worth having, since it is balanced by the what appears an irrational prejudice. If the prejudice is on your side, well & good: though even so it verges one too far to have one ready in the head. I sometimes fancy that the only healthy condition is that of doing unconscious work. Nb the prima function of the soul. R's work never meeting with the right sort of appreciation, has suffers perpetually from an obscure irritation. The main form it takes is irritation against England; if only I can find it elsewhere also. It is petty without much occasion, & too easily reverts to the grievance, how few people art-critics hate him, how rarely in France that they care for his pictures - why, he was accusing Clive of taking his ideas & selling them to America for £200 - but on this point I hasten to agree with him. If I'm sincere, however, I see that

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I'm led to infer all this from what I note in my own disposition under a cloud. For one thing, I find it difficult to write. I held my pen this morning for two hours & scarcely made a mark. The marks I did make were mere marks, not reaching into life & heat as they do on good days. Perhaps Roger was the first cloud; Desmond may have contributed a little; & then how many silly things I did yesterday, ending by ringing up the Rothmans at their Dinner, & being painfully snubbed by Elena on that account. I should like here to analyse: instead I must Wash. Dress & Dine at the Club & so to Molly Hamilton's party, which I predict will be dull, & more than will be administered. – I shall creep cold to bed

Sat. 24th Jan

But on the contrary – I didn't creep cold to bed, & the party amazed me as a spectacle – I should more truly say as it astonished me as a pandemonium. Molly can be heard out in the Strand; then, on the hostess sets the key, some hundred people, opening their mouths tried to overcome her, by dint of roaring. I got my Walrein in a corner, between Clive & Norton, & enjoyed the sense of irresponsible amusement. not a human festival at all. Everyone smiling. By long & nearly express true pleasure in words this was a necessary device. Nonsense was there — Oh well unpleasantly disfigured, in a low dress. I tried to turn her periods into laughter. Humour emerged more to demonstrate her potency than Criticism. Then young Nat Evans confided to me that his admiration of V. W. was personal 'I'll tell you the truth Jim Sonning through the same thing merely' — poor little man! yet I was pleased to think my psychology 'intense' a 'modern' & illuminating the crannies of Nat Evan's personal existence.

Oh dear, thanks. This takes 3 words in all

turned over a breakfast tray a visit to Mrs. Clifford.

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She must have supplied herself with false teeth since I saw her – 20 years ago; & her hair frizzed out is really browned by art; but the remains therewas the same – large coarse face – the whole figure & the manners – black velvet, marked – intense. Jolly. vulgar – a back to her lips, worthy a dash of the stage – 'dear' 'my dear boy – Did you know Leonard, that I was only married for 3 years. When my husband died & left me with 2 babies & not a penny – so I had to work – oh yes, I worked, & sold the furniture often, but I never borrowed: However the pathetic is not her line. She talks the it to fill up space: but how if I could reproduce her talk of money, royalties, editions, & reviews, I should think nearly a novelist; & the pictures might serve me for a warning. I think one may assume it to be more a product of the go let them of our age. Again, having years ago made a success she's been pulling the wires to engineer another success, & has grown callous in the process. Her poor old legs pant for a pat of butter; but margarine will do. She keeps her private & very rancid supply on some of the little tables that those dreary rooms are lumbered with (a wooden block cut in the clock & little carved animals under it): she has a review of hers in the Academy & a portrait, & a list of Gustachions about Bookman & a pen & ink drawing of herself by Jean Engel. I assure you I can hardly write this down – Moreover, I had a feeling that in these circles people do such other good turns; & when she proposed to make my fortune in America, I'm afraid a reviewal in the Times was supposed to be the equivalent. Brass, I suppose, with stability & pluck – & oh the sight of the dirty Gunter, & the stained blotting paper & her hands & nails not very clean either – & money, reviews, hands, helping hands, relations – what an atmosphere of rancid cabbage & old clothes stewing in this old

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water! We went away laden with two of the cheap flaimy books — 'Are you going to take my mangy works! to take the trash I'm in debt —' Yes but was that why we were asked to tea? Not altogether, I suppose, but partly: inherently. And now we see, all colours, taken from my boarding: a 2nd edition of the Voyage out needed: & another of Night-day shortly: a Nibet offers me £100. Oh dear there must be an end of this! Never

for a book

work for publishers again anyhow.

I've no terms or finger power left to describe Desmond in his office: my hand of biographer: lunches at Gordon Sq: sitting in the great chair before eleven five afterwards: the apparition of Adrian: affection of Mary, comparative docility of Clive. I had tea with Lilian the other evening: was struck silent by: for my errand was to whole away an hour of [illegible] for her while she waits for the verdict on her eyes. She may be blind, I suppose — oh dear; & nothing could be said about it. What courage can make one at 50, look down the remaining years, with that calamity to darken them?

Mon. Jan 26th

The day after my birthday; in fact I'm 38. well, I've no doubt I'm a great deal happier than I was at 28; I happier today than I was yesterday having this afternoon arrived at some idea of a new form for a new novel. I suppose one thing should open out of another — as in the unwritten novel — only not for 10 pages but 200 or so — I admit that gave the looseness & lightness I want: I admit that set closer & yet keep form & speed, & enclose everything, everything? My doubts how far it will include the human heart — how I influence mistress of my dialogue To get it there? For I figure that the approach will be entirely different this time: no scaffolding: already a brick to be seen: all crepuscular, but the heart, the passion, however, everything as bright as

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fort in the mist. Then I'll find room for so much - a fairy — an emergence - a light spirited stepping at my worst with. Whether I'm sufficiently master of things - that's the doubt; but Conture mark on the wall, K. G. a unwritten novel taking hands & dancing in unity. What this unity shall be I have yet to discover: the theme is a blank to me; but I see immense possibilities in the form I hit upon more or less by chance 2 weeks ago. I suppose the danger is the damned egotistical self; which ruins Joyce & Richardson to my mind; is one pliant & rich enough to provide a world for the book from itself without its becoming, as in Joyce & Richardson, narrowing & reflecting? My hope is that I've learnt my business sufficiently now to provide all sorts of entertainments. laughters, tears, doubts, the very life somewhere in that direction; I must state. forge a experiment but this afternoon I had a gleam of light. Indeed, I think from the [illegible] with which I'm developing may the unwritten novel there must be a path for me there.

Yesterday being my birthday a a clear bright day into the bargain showing many green & yellow flushes on the trees, I went to South Kensington & heard Mozart & Beethoven. I don't think I did hear very much of them, seated as I was between Katie & Elena, & perched headforemost into outrageous banter of the usual kind with the Countess. But the Countess was very affable & jolly, invited me indeed insisted upon my coming to tea with her. She vibrated under the pleasure of a compliment — "when Lady Gomer's money under the new moon" turned on. There one feels as if — "a compliment to her beauty." But the room was clamorous with South Kensington Esty Darwin in particular, fat & dyspeptic & affectionate. Yet plaintive as of old, as if protesting before one spoke against criticism. She told me I had been cruel. I forget now what I said — something wild & random, as everything said under those circumstances must be - George Brooke took my arm & framed my book.

Sat Jan 31st

Here is my calendar: Monday the Squires. Wilkinson & Edgar to dinner; Wednesday tea with Elena; Thursday lunch with Nina, tea Gordon Square; Friday Clive & Mary here; & Saturday sitting over the fire with a morbid & I hope unfounded fear lest certain creatures infesting Dollie & Nelly may begin to prattle beneath my skin. An incident of this sort is like the blackness that used to cross the waves in the bay & make my heart sink when I sat doing lessons at the long table in St Ives Drawing room. Sordid – cheap – And the impression was enforced by a visit to Putney. The streets & villas make one more dismal than them. Each has a crossed tree growing out of a square lifted from the pavement in front of it. Then the interiors – But I dont want to dwell on this. As Leonard said, its the soul of Sylvia in Stucco. They were sitting in the dining room with a large table, reading novels – Its partly that I'm a snob. The middle classes are cut so thick, & rung so coarse, when they laugh or express themselves. The lower Classes dont do this at all. Jess said that Mr. Wilkinson was nearly drunk; that Squire cant serve Mrs Squire though, she has spread more widely: is even more settled into a kind of wheatish sediment: a sort of indolency to me in her passive floating contentment in the arm chair opposite; like some natural function, performing automatically – a jelly fish – without volition, yet with tenacity & potentiality. She breaks off into young on the least provocation: Squire is at least direct & honest. I dont like it when he talks about love patriotism & paternity, but on the other hand I can speak my mind to him. Love came into the discussion on account of the Athenaeum. According to Squire the A: denies every thing. It is a prop & cheats for all creative activity. Now the London Mercury provides a very fertile soil. He pressed me to write for the London Mercury. The A: is winning itself a bad name, on account of its hard sceptical tone. I tried to explain to Squire that

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there's such a thing as honesty & a high standard; her report is & there are such things as poetry & enthusiasm. At present the battle in our circle is between James & Desmond. James wishes to 'stab Hamburg dead' Desmond & I wish, on the contrary, to revive it like a phoenix from its ashes. The difference is fundamental; but to I am equally able to write for many. I give a Desmond — a proof of catholicity & immorality according to your taste. But write us its a question of damages: We are in for a spell of bad luck & find ourselves compelled to spend £200 perhaps on drains, which, six months ago, would have been Brewer's concern. Still, we had fears for a thousand. At tea with Elena, in the absence of Bruce, we broached, delicately, the subject of the supplement. She said that people were nice to her in order to influence reviews. She said they made Bruce's life a burden to him. I brightly pitched my interview with Mrs Clifford. It was all known to her, I could see; she knew Mrs. Clifford's methods. She had dear with Lady Dilke & Mrs. Her pages with Stephen McKenna. I liked Elena for sharing my feeling of repulsion; indeed she is more clean minded & more constant than I am, & regards it as simple brown dog by the nicest, most modest of collie dogs. I liked her better than before, & the rat on a stool, & told me how she does this that & the other for the diseased & the afflicted, & I thought she must be a pleasant light at a bedside. People who have no brilliance or subtlety seem to take them in directly & purely in such a way as to abash me, who count myself among the brilliant. There they are & seems, without question, to get applause: nor are they much deceived by brilliance. The rest I must skip, since I have 6 biographies to read for Desmond. A letter from a Mrs. Aitken in Staffordshire about N— ad: pleasant; & add to place the lower classes.

Wed Tuesday
Feb. 2nd
4

I had rather catch Mrs Leonard's itch than Lottie's - that's my only contribution to-lice psychology which still occupies our minds, & wastes our mornings; & poisons us at our spirit after tea. For according to Jerusalem, they liven over in Mrs's latria when warm. No improvement so far — also, so far as I know, no infection. But imagination! By taking thought I can itch at any point on my hundred & 4 inches of skin. I do it now.

The mornings from 9 12 to 1 I spend reading the Voyage Out. I've not read it since July 1913. And if you ask me what I think I must reply that I don't know - such a horlesquinade it is - such an assortment of patches - here sample, reverse - here previous, shallow - here what to make of, Heaven knows. The failures are ghastly enough to make my cheeks burn - & then a flame of the sentence, a direct & lost ahead gone, makes them burn in a different way. On the whole I like the young woman's mind considerably. How gallantly she tilts her lance - my word, what a jest for pen & ink! I can do little to amend; a mast so down to posterity as the author of cheap witticisms, smart satires & even, I find, vulgarisms - crudities rather - that will never cease to rankle in the brave. Yet I see how people prefer it to N. & D - I don't say admire it more, but find it a more gallant & inspiriting spectacle.

Do madame Graves this afternoon - & found her in her peat mire house. Maman is getting very trying poor dear. Yes set her on the stool & she does nothing. Then she wants the stool again. But you've just been there & done nothing maman! Then she calls me cruel - very trying. And when she sleeps her mouth hangs down, as though she were dead. She's getting senile. All this simply tenderly even, as we wander about the house, looking at the furniture - I like her childishness, & her unquenchable desire to make me another dress which will really be done in a week when she can't finish what's on hand.

Fri Feb 13th

Again many lapses & the same excuses. For some time now life has been considerably ruffled by people. Age or fame or the return of peace — I don't know which — but anyhow I grow wearied of 'going out to tea'; & yet can't resist it. To leave a door that that might be open is in my eyes some form of blasphemy. That may be: meanwhile I neither write my diary nor read my proofs. There was a lunch party at the Café Royal on the day of Duncan's private view to record: 12 guests: everything handsomely done; I stimulated & fuddled with wine; a finer assortment of the ~~absolutely~~ usual — the unusual. There was Mrs Grant, a woman still sailing like a yatcht under the breath of nature charm: Peppa: Adrian: Bunny: Lytton. Lytton had laid out £70 on one of the pictures. Maynard rose & said "I've a deep affection for Duncan". I fancy Duncan would rather have done without him, & he slunk off after lunch, leaving us to visit the show. His absurd & nervous capacity for flooding every mere fact with unnatural excitement: in what mood I say rather more than I mean: or rather what I to mean. Surveying the room with Adrian I became thereof him dependent, like a man now aware of failure, & contrasting his life with those of his contemporaries. 'How distinguished we all are!' I said; & then it came out — or did I imagine it all? — that he & K: feel themselves isolated & like people who have been ploughed in some examination. About 35 the hits are posted up for everyone to read. On the impulse of this I invited them to dine, & when they come I shall find myself, I predict, utterly at fault. Meanwhile I say nothing & have nothing to say of Duncan's pictures. They seem in my head like the wheels I'd drunk: so lovely, so delicious, so easy to adore. However I only caught glimpses here & there as well dressed people moved across them. Then tea with Roger at the Berlington, walking across with Maynard, hearing that his book is now in the 15th thousand: but to the credit of Cambridge he remains unmoved, & is more, instead of less, modest than before

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Next day I bought one of Duncan's pictures; representing a rather pomegranate coloured dress which much took my fancy. That: the dress connects itself with tea at Filey. The Disappointed me: slovenly, compromising, slouching through life content at heart with the second best but complacent in the surface — so she struck me; a so matronly — decorous such a prim smug home, & such commonplace children. Honest Bernard, being honest & of the Darwin wear the ware that never cracks, pleased me much better. He talked about golf & the Walden Chess Victory. But I shall never see Filey again. After that I must skip over forgotten days. Abigail at Ottolenghi last night (I skip tea with Ottolenghi & Bussell & Tony Bussell the imbecile). Yet I don't know that I can describe an evening party — Phelps & I sitting together watched the door open & people come in. There were more ghastly masks out than old; or so they looked to me since I did not know them. There were Eliots & Haxleys & Forster & — all the rest. My single diversion was a dialogue with W. J. Turner, an inarticulate redhaired infinitely modest man, with prominent brown eyes, nice vague eyes, seeming to wish to tell the truth; yet too shy to be ready with it. Squire felt me fathoming his soul & 'other night; so he said; & Squire respects me immensely; oh well, I'm afraid that had some share in my liking for Turner. At a party now I feel a little famous — the chances are people like Turner whose names I know, also know my name. Moreover, people like Turner are very glad to be praised. That comes always as a surprise. The Eliots gladly dine with us. Thursday is affectionate & bantering. I must have one coloured person though in my black — white: I must spare a glance for the dealer's wax queen I think. Ottolenghi does. The Hats of the ghastly bright silk waved out over a feminine crinoline. The Jews control the money on account of it. Yet I dreamt all night of her discontented white & weak pouting face, revealing her inner discontent. If anyone is disinterested she, so they say, is. Indeed I can't help thinking her unhappy. Last week end at the Forsters I've entirely left out.

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Sunday
Feb. 15

Partly to obliterate the Webbs, partly to put off for a few minutes reading the Voyage Out I will say that we lunched with the Webbs; had Adrian Sanger & Stanley to dine last night. Not the Webbs! I find the hour of 1.30 on a cold blowy day, precisely fitting to them. As we walk down Grosvenor Road the old papers blow & the middle classes parade in their Sunday clothes. The houses have a red raw look. Factory chimneys face the windows across the river. Down to Sunday all barges are moored. There is no sun or warmth. But what are they going for? Why should the right persons be so intensely hideous? Then there's the mutton & the cabbage & apple & tart—all adequate but joyless. Bad cigarettes. A little whisky. The drawing room now a glacial white with watery colours hung accurately apart. Mr. Webb displays shark like teeth. Webb daubed red, & clumsily thick as person. The windows in the back room are frosted glass to conceal back windows. No longer am I frightened: only dreary & dismal, a varied all over by the sense of another & hideous prospect. Mr. Cross & the Foreign Office had brought Mr Pontefract's shapes the wrong way. Mrs. Webb told me it was wrong to prevent L— from going into Parliament: we want men of noble intellect &— But what is 'right' & who are 'we'. Worthy friendly the said food bye. One deals with the situation more easily, but the horror of it increases with familiarity. Shall we become like that too? I stamp up & down the platform to warm myself: steep my hands in hot water, crouch over the fire. but still I'm irritated & exacerbated.

NYPL

Wed. March 3rd

So then at the end of that week we went to Rodmell, & are back again two days ago. But I'm minders of old clothes in my dirty clothes basket – sleeves, I mean, tumbled pell mell into my receptacle for mind, & not extracted till form & colour are almost lost. I suppose 'going out to tea' continued: Oh, there was dinner at Gordon Square, when Mary, becoming almost peevish in her bedroom refused to part with hair pins: I made a note that down: I have branded her 'stupid' – can one say vulgar?, I think not. But dropping for gentlemen in dress some [illegible] discern the complexities when examined by pure feminine light. Desmond was there: Desmond warm, affectionate, the oldest friend, as I sometimes feel; perhaps the best. I was touched, that he ran along the platform to wish me good night. Then we sold tickets Morley for £150 to Mrs. Prestop: & directly I forgot the changes I regretted it – Oh dear – again. I'm learning this trick, & make resigning it.

Then there was Rogers speech at the Club & my first effort – 5 minutes consecutive speaking – all very brilliant, & opening the vista of that form of statement not before glimpsed at. Dined with Nessa – Duncan in Soho. I saw the woman drop her glove. a happy evening – Eliot & the Sydney Dine – Sydney righting homely after we blew about Suffield – not without a pampers nigh as we – Then off to Monks – & how I should write large & bright about the SPRING. It has come – It has been with us over a fortnight. Never did a winter slip more like an infant necklet thumb. Daffodils all out: garden set with thick golden crocuses: snowdrops almost over: pear trees budding: birds in song: days like June with a touch of the sea – not merely a painted sky but a warm one. Now we seem to know. I assure you, this is the earliest & loveliest, most sustained spring I remember. Almond trees out

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Sat
March
6th

No sooner had I written that than Madame Grand appeared, — has left only the wreck of an Evening behind her. Not if I don't fill a page now. God knows when I shall again: an endless prospect of unrecorded activity now stretches before me: also behind. Did I say that dreamland — I cheered the return of Mr. Asquith to Parliament? I saw a dark bald looking bare head. Also Margot standing up, swaying slightly, & drawing her hands to & from her lips, while a policeman squirmed on the carriage roof — always a touch of the professional in these proceedings, though the emotion was like a spring tide, & lifted me up my feet, & rather elevated me unconsciously to a parapet, whence I saw the aforementioned bare white head. Tea with Molly. old Jack MacCarthy, Einstein, about the Devil & a pond; Jump about the Blunts law suit: Molly wearing 2 minute Cows horns above her ears.

Then? — Tuesday, Wednesday here in Richmond printing Hope. & then Elena dined with us on Tuesday & made a speech at the Guild, & presented me incidentally with one of those puzzles which I always get wrong. Stanley. How far can one be talked to? Is her withdrawal shock or stupidity? Then this 'niceness': what does it amount to? For seconds she can make me feel crude & provincial: then, as I say, there's the silence — & Heaven knows what goes forward. The machine seems to stop. As for her liking or disliking — I know nothing about it. Her personal presence — so comely, stately — maternal always reduces me — tell I sprate on the rocks of (I suppose) her indifference to my enthusiasm. I rather believe that the nice people feel more temperately & universally than we do — & write none of our passion.

Then on Thursday, dine with the MacCarthys, — the first Memoir Club meeting. A highly interesting occasion. Seven people read — & Lord knows

what I did it read into their reading. Sydney, to whom the occasion was an one off home-impertinence, regretted as much by reading us a dream — in reality a parable to explain for the seeming obtuseness of daylight Sydney by the ~~a portent by a portent that in his dreams he has imagination & creative power.~~ by the imaginative power of dreaming Sydney — altogether a queer, self-conscious, self analytic performance, interesting to me. Clive purely objective: Vera starting matter of fact: then overcome by the emotional depths to be traversed; unable to read aloud what she had written. Duncan finds fantastic a tongue-tied — tongue enchanted. Molly literary about tendencies. William Flowers, began carefully composed at first, even formal: suddenly raging "Oh this is absurd — I can't go on" shuffling all her sheets; beginning on the wrong page; finishing wavering by, & carrying through to the end. "There I wanted to be the daughter of a French Marquise by a misalliance with — " that was the tone yet — & then a three weak Cornishes". Roger well composed: story of a Coachman who stole geraniums & went to prison. Good — but too objective. I doubt that agency with [illegible] the interesting things, but they can't prevent them coming out. Before this by the way, I saw Vera's new house, and so suspected Pippa's Chad at no 51; & looked in upon Adrian & Karin Doing biology in their living room. Coming out we ran upon games — such is the rabbit warren nature of the place.

Poor Mills' Whitbay yesterday wanted praise of his book. I hadn't read it — poor man — Sylvia a little depressed — but then with a husband in brown corduroys, watering Country novels — unreadably bad — no wonder.

Monday
March
9th

In spite of some heroism, I think I shall soon write this diary for the present. I sometimes think that I have wrested through the layer of style which suited it — suited the comfortable bright hour after tea: & the thing I've reached now is less pleasable. Never mind: I fancy old Virginia, putting on her spectacles to read of March 1920 will decidedly wish me to continue. Speculations! my dear old ghost: & take heed that I don't think 50 a very great age. Several good books can be written still; & here's the blessed fire a fine one. To return to the present owner of the name. On Sunday I went up to Campden Hill to hear the Schubert Quintet — to see George Booth home — to take notes for my story — to eat shoulder with respectability — all these reasons took me there, when Sotis cheaply sat 7/6.

Whether people see their own worn with the devastating clearness that I see them, thus admitted once for one hour, I doubt. Chill superficial keenness: but thin as a March glaze ice on a pool. A coat of mercantile smugness. Hm what's a mahogany in the truth of it; & the white panels, Vermeer reproductions, omega table — Varnished curtains rather a neat mobbith disguise. The least interesting of rooms: the compromise; though of course, that's interesting too. I took against the family system. Old Mrs Booth enthroned on a coat of commode in widow dress: flanked by dressed daughters; with grandchildren somehow symbolical cherubs. Such neat dull little boys & girls. There were all sat in our furs & white gloves. Elena asked us to dine: I (perhaps for this reason) exempt her a Bruce from this censure.

Monday at the Club, which I see I've neared to describe. Alix: Bunny. Birrell: James: finally Morgan. Alix told me that Florena Darwin — still I call her Maitland — is dead. For a moment I was shocked. Then it seemed to me that her greatest happiness had been with Fred: then I pitied poor old Frank, left for the 3rd time alone. Then an attempt to remember

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her which I can do rather accurately; the beautiful brown eyes, with the defiant look in them; the brown hair; the colour; the emphatic manner; the exaggeration of her talk — reminding me a little of mother — indeed the manner was much mother's. Always simply dressed in black, I think, & holding herself superbly — in the sense of proudly, fiercely; nerves much on edge; but showing so to us only in her dramatic ways, quick movements; beautiful turns & glances, as she portrayed — Fred treating her with a kind of bantering courtesy, & amusement; which I felt was the cover for deep understanding between them not revealed before us. I went one evening into her study to speak to him; opened the door & stood for a second silent; he raised his eyes, thought for a moment that he saw H I was Florence, whereupon he looked tender & intimate as I had never seen him — which look of course vanished directly he recognised me. If I had heard that this letter of Frederick's was untrue, I should try to see her again. But what is it that prevents one from ever seeing people, when years have passed, & there have been deaths & births & marriages?

Monday March 18th

Strange that this should be my last reflection, since without remembering it I [illegible] this told Jane Stoel-Baker that I dreaded the thought of meeting her after 6 or 7 years. She said the same thing — but I rather guess this was simulated. Anyhow we met at the Leids last Sunday; & I see why the dread meeting me — because I look at her. Oh you little adventurer, I think to myself, so you now [illegible] turned matron, & are perhaps your way [illegible] Philip's way into political circles — mistress the bright comprehending Charles she kept up with Ld. R. & Bromley Jones, & [illegible] per & son, & are proud of mixing him [illegible] yourself. & [illegible] grown plump, & look less romantic — though the positive search for obvious

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Knollys is carried on as perpetually as ever. Lady Beatrice Lygon daughter of Lord Salisbury, a frank dashing bracing young woman — who palpably loves Derwent & open luck at her. Her eyes are of the brightness, hardness, & immobility of grey blue marbles.

Leonard went on to see Waller upon that curious family crisis which I foresaw some years ago.

Both of this diary were the diary of the soul I used to write at length of the 2nd meeting of the Memoir Club. Leonard was objective & triumphant: I subjective & most unbecomingly discomposed. I don't know when I've felt so chastened & cast down with myself — a partner I generally respect & admire. "Oh but why did I read this Egotistic sentimental trash!" That was my cry, & my sharp sense of the silence succeeding my chapter. It started with loud laughter: this was soon quenched; & then I invoked help in forming a kind of uncomfortable boredom on the part of the males; to whose genial cheerful sense my revelations were at once mawkish — distasteful. What possessed me to lay bare my soul! Still, the usual reticence has now taken place. I saw Nessa yesterday, & she seemed at none of this — which indeed Leonard firmly assured me was a miasma — my part due to late nights &c.

Another late night last night. Dining with Lytton, Clive & Nessa at the Eiffel Tower. Lytton stuck on Vic: intimate & cordial, parts perhaps & touch & reject. "How seldom we meet!" said Nessa — it was true, yet we all want to meet; & can't do it. They are all speeding south — Nessa, Duncan & Maynard to Italy: Lytton, Carrington & Partridge to Spain.

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Sat. April 10th

We sped to Rodmell, which accounts for another formidable break. By the way, Morgan keeps a diary, & in his diary Morgan writes conversation - word for word, when the humour takes him. I dont know that the humour take me to describe our Easter at Monks House. Through the first week yet I was driven, as with whips that cut, eyes being indeed so intent upon Henry James & to see nothing else. That missive despatched, I got much pleasure out of everything that I keep putting houses & stages & people too - against that background, & seeing them look flat - faded. Clive's play last night brought in the loud breezy atmosphere of the Brighton pier. We are getting middle aged. I see him stout, kind - indeed ordeal - but so typical as to be almost uninteresting. Poor Mary has little of the Brass Band about her; but much of the mater meretricious fille de joie - I've said that gaudily for the sake of the m's; but there's truth in it. How, uncomfortably enough, I kept striking upon something soft & unprotected in her - Childish, pathetic almost. She's the mother of children too. I daresay what with one thing & another I'm grown rather brazen - so many compliments (Oh, Morgan just now wrote to say my memoir was 'splendid' - & dare he ask me to review for the Herald - Desmond sends me stalls for the princess tomorrow - Rothmond - I've enough of protations. Moreover, I can write extravagantly & read K. M's praises in the Athenaeum - Four poets are chosen; she's one of them - Of course Murry makes the choice, & its Sullivan who rates her stony a work of genius. Still, you see how well I remember all this - how eagerly I discount it. To describe Monks House would be to touch upon literature, which I cant do here; time we only slept two snatches last night, & at 4 A.M. I turned a mouse out of L's bed. She crept & rattled all night through

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When the wind got up. Harp of the window broken. Poor L: ant of bed for the 5th time to wedge it with a toothbrush - so I say nothing about our projects at Plenks, though the view across meadows to Cabum is before me now; & the hyacinths blooming, & the orchard walk. Then being alone there - breakfast in the sun - ports - no servants - how nice it all is!
I'm planning to begin - Jacob's Room next week with luck. (That's the first time I've written that.) As the spring I have it in my mind to describe; just to make this note - that one scarcely notices the leaves out on the trees this year, since they seem never entirely to have gone in - never any of that even blackness of the chestnut trunks - always something left a tinted; such as I can't remember in any year before. In fact, we've skipped a winter; had a season like the midnight sun; a new return to full daylight. So I hardly notice that chestnuts are out - the little parasols spread on our window tree; & the Churchyard grass running over the old tombstones like green water.

Mrs Ward is dead; poor Mrs Humphry Ward; it appears that she was merely a woman of straw after all - shovelled into the grave already forgotten. The most perfunctory Carter Stevenson even by the orthodox.

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Thursday
April 15

My hand-writing seems to be going to the dogs. Perhaps I compare it with my writing. I said that Rothenstein was enthusiastic over my James article? Well, two days ago, little elderly Walkley attacked it in the Times, said I'd fallen into H.J.'s worst mannerisms — hard-beaten 'figures' — & hinted that I was a sentimental lady friend. Percy Lubbock was included too; but, rightly or wrongly, I delete the article from my mind with flushes, & see all my writing in the least becoming light. I suppose it's the old matter of 'floral feasts' — no doubt a true criticism, though the censure is my own, not caught from H.J., if that's any comfort. I must see to it though. The Times atmosphere brings it out; for one thing I have to be formal there, especially in the case of H.J.; & so contrive an article rather like an elaborate design, which encourages ornament. Desmond, however, volunteered admiration. I wish one could make out some rule about praise & blame. I predict that I'm destined to have blame in any quantity. I strike the eye; & elderly gentlemen in particular get annoyed. An unwritten novel will certainly be absurd: I can't foretell what line they'll take this time. Partly, it's the 'writing well' that sets people off — as always has done, I suppose. 'Pretentious' they say, & then a woman writing well, writing in the Times — that's the last git. This slightly checks me from beginning Jacob's room. But I value blame. It spurs one, even from Walkley; who is (I've looked him out) 65, a cheap little gossip, I'm glad to think, ~~not~~ laughed at even by Desmond. But don't go forgetting that there's truth in it; more than a grain ~~of~~ in the criticism that I'm damnably refined in the Times: refined & cordial: I don't think it's easy to help it: time, before beginning the H.J. article, I took a view I'd say what I thought, I say it in my own way. Well, I've written all this page, & not made out how to steady myself when the Unwritten Novel appears.

Rain has come — what seemed much more in the black sky: so ugly. Yesterday I think I was unhappy all day long. Frost,

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Walkley; then 2 teeth out; then tooth ache all the evening; L. out to
speak in Richmond; a cold at last because of the throb in my jaw.
The day before I went to the Nigger's show in Chelsea; very bad
impressive figures; obscene; somehow monumental; figures of
Frenchmen, I thought, ridden with arthritis & cynicism; yet
they were carved (perhaps) in the Congo 100's of years ago.
Hannay came up. 'Mrs Woolf?' Yes - but who —? 2.
We met years ago at the Squires - Hannay: Ah, you do
art criticism now? Tell me what I ought to think of the
Carvings - and those Peruvian bowls — Its the
shape, in the bowls. I've lived too long with the Carvings.
(I don't think this represses him, though. A man who spares his
words with long silences - a bad critic I'm told. As one would
expect of anyone working at the bookshop. Then I heard
Desmond saying O it's upstairs — but in he came with a
tall lean brown elderly man in frock coat & top hat. not
introduced to me, as though there were a gulf between us. I
tripped out into Chelsea Church, saw the tablet to H.J — flowed
& cultivated upon him - friendly letter, & Jamesian phrases. perhaps
buy Gosse. To Madame Swanes — so to the 17 Club - so home.
& then my tooth was beginning.

What book can I settle to read? I want something that
won't colour my morning mood. something a little severe. Shall
notion is to write this in chapters straight off; not beginning
even unless I can count on so many days clear for finishing it.
Sat 17th April — The pain from Walkley is dying out, since I've begun Jacobs Room.
I can inhibit poor L: as I myself am inhibited. Yes trick is
superstition, I say, whereupon his pen sticks like a broken
machine. To the Bach festival last night; a coincidence
led me to run at once into tired people I've not met for an
age, Noel, for one; then, as I settled into my seat, a voice said
Virginia! It was Walter Lamb: the egg shaped man -
the billiard ball man - sat by me, & told me a great deal
about Bach. Bach was very beautiful. though the
human element in the choir always distracts me.

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They aren't beautiful; all in greens, greys, pinks, blacks, fresh from the suburbs a high tea. The Lute seemed to suit them better than the music. Home with Walter. "I had had a vivid dream of Thoby the other night" he said. "He came in after beagling, & said something very important — I can't remember what. Very odd — for I don't think of him often."
He was glad to tell me this. I must make him tell me about his Royalties. In fact here's a secret that mustn't be repeated — Walter is writing Prince Albert's Academy speech for him. He has a nimble mind, & makes himself much at home in his Corner of the World; indeed he's one of the people for whom the world was made the shape it is. I wonder whether admiration gets one family & snobbish, or somehow of the product of love: he seems to love Dorothy & Stanley in their particular ways.

Monday April 20

Saw the Booth Gibb's son in the Tower this morning, — & feel slightly envious all day in consequence. To the Bach Choir last night; but one of our failures. Is it the weather? I'd made out an waking such a perfect day; & one by one my Events melted fore. Began such a good morning's writing I'd planned, & wasted the cream of my brain on the telephone. Then the weather, great beginning parts all wet about with rain soaking one; buses crowded; left typewriting paper in the buses; a long time waiting at the Club — then Bach unaccompanied (first Ray — thought at last (safe L. had gone home) I was swept up to the heights by a song. Anna Magdalena's song. I walked a few steps beyond Herbert Fisher coming out; followed him across the empty Camplit purlieus of Westminster, saw him step to distinguished, yet tiny eye. So empty, into the Palace Yard, & so to take part in ruling the Empire. His head bent — legs a little wavering — small feet — I tried to put myself inside him; but could only suppose he thought in an exalted way

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which to me would be all bunkum. Indeed, I feel this more & more.
I've had my Irish wits into this head & come out again, I think.
I forgot to say how Harvey came on Sunday uninvited —
was took her to Margaret's, — she talked such Frenchyness that
I couldn't think much of what she said. Birthday Hope now.
The books I chose were Berkeley; Maynard; & now Maginn
sent Chekhov's letters, — Barbellion. Never had so few to
review — none from the Times (A.B.W perhaps responsible?)
none from the Athenaeum; but I've plenty to do all
the same.

Sat. April 24th

Half blind with writing notices, & corrections in 60 copies of
Paris, a Poem, by Hope Mirrlees. Then I've read some
Berkeley, whom I much admire, & would like to catch the
trick of his style — only I fear it's thinking — Reading Maynard too —
a book that influences the world without being in the
least a work of art: a work of morality, I suppose.
Morgan came for a night. Very easy going: as sensitive as a
blue butterfly. So I was pleased to write in his birthday
book which is one of his tests of niceness. And he's
obstinate about 'niceness' — much of a puritan. Tells
the truth. I wish I could write his talk down.
I must now write a post card. Yes, I must
really catch the first post if possible. I'll take it myself —
Is it three time still — I'll tell you what it is.
The seat is being painted. The boy is so stupid he'll
paint it after it's been varnished upon. Then it will be
varnished.
Nessene said L: it won't hurt it.
But are you sure? 'Positive. —
Oh then I'll let it alone — if you're quite sure. My
mother is having the seat painted green. She wouldn't
let me do it, the boy is dreadfully stupid. I found him
putting on the paint without having scraped the old
paint off first. ... This very like Morgan: so
like his reliance on Leonard. "Where d'you get your boats?
Are Waterman fears the best."

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Wednesday
5th May

We have had a Thursday to Tuesday at Rodmell, which accounts as I say making my apology to this book, in which so few pages seem to have been written. As we sat down to dinner on Jues Saturday Desmond rapped at the door – To follow this up to the source, I should describe dinner at 46: Desmond, Lytton & Mary there; but I don't much like describing dinners at 46. Desmond (this is L's saying not mine, & I quote it to avoid an upsetting soul-spying myself) produces a sense of fronst in the room. It rained: he lay back, smoking cigarettes eating sweets & opening novels which he never read. Being an editor has dwarfed the remnants of ambition in him, & he is now Content. Content is distressing to behold: what is there to be content about? It seems, with Desmond now, always afternoon. We worked at L to book. Have I left him out too? His clasp of the hand crushes the little bones: his hand thrust inches thick in hair as bone. L typifies that dense, solid, concentrated man. He always speaks the truth, & proves after it in psychology – rather queer thing to do, & laying waste many a fair garden. As he says a thing, it sounds so convincing. We are babbling Gorki, & perhaps this marks one step over a precipice – I don't know. He analysed murry in the devasting way. L. is back I suppose; & I assume murry with playing at the Lilly game – who's to take the first step: I predict here that perhaps Murry will – if not, we don't meet for a year or two. But hurry on to the climax – Mansingham has offered Leonard Braithford's post in the nation – to do the foreign article that is, drawing £400 a year. The drawback is that it means going up every Monday, perhaps Wednesday, & then tris us tight. If this can be arranged, all else is satisfactory. He could drop his reviewing: do better work: get better pay; & perhaps – my private aim is to drop my reviewing too. But that doesn't matter. I am I like a good compliment to L: not heartfully; it seems right, I suppose. So now our fortunes look up again. Lytton dined here last night, & seemed confident, happy. – about to begin on Vic. in earnest. Charles & Winder.

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must have notice in order that they may lay in large stocks of paper in time.

Sat. May. 10th

Massingham has postponed seeing L. which may mean that there's some obstacle. Thinking it over, I shouldn't be sorry if it fell through; for I can't help deeply suspecting that work of this kind means more of a tie than any money — all the gold of Peru poured into my lap as Miss Mitford says — could repay. Besides, why should I slip the collar round his neck & myself spring free? Partly owing to laziness, partly to the hours of watching 1, 2, 3, 4, reviews an end & conversing Mitford tod, I've been forswearing & fraternizing, & seeing myself caged, & ask my desired end — Jacob's Room that is — vanishing down avenues. But I review weekly until Sept.

On Wednesday, Walter, Adrian & Karin, & Molly Hamilton dined here. A chattering random vivacious evening I can't remember any shred of dialogue though. Perhaps with Molly. Karin that's inevitable: Karin deaf & the ear, Molly a little obtuse in the senses. I observe that she scrupulously makes conversation to fill silences with: even though she's nothing to say. Odd to me that life should require 'professional women'. She is reading 500 novels, at 5/- each, for a prize competition: I had a batch of sickly stuff to masticate in the train going home. We discussed politics, A. a I trying to make her define her position; which is visionary. She is bored by the means, but achieves in the end. I suppose she'll be Hamilton M.P. one of these days; but the elections go badly for women, Labour fights shy of them. Yesterday I had tea with Jason at the Club; & remembering old lonely evenings of my own, when the married couple seemed to relish a complete, exiled him back to Miner. I wonder though whether his loneliness ever frightens him as mine used to frighten me. I daresay office work is a great preservative.

NYPL

Monday
May 11th
13
11th

It is worth mentioning, for future reference, that the creative power which bubbles so pleasantly on beginning a new book
speedily dowses after a time, & one goes on more steadily.
Doubts creep in. Then one becomes resigned. Determination not
to give in, & the sense of an impending shape keep one at it
more than anything. I'm a little anxious. How am I to bring off
this conception? Directly one gets to work one is like a
person walking, who has seen the country sketchily not before.
I want to write nothing in this book that I don't enjoy writing.
Yet writing is always difficult.

L. is up in London seeing his constituents. Eight gentlemen are
waiting on him to learn his views. Then he's having tea
with Kot. He has a meeting (I think) this evening at Morgans
till late. I spent the afternoon typing, & letting my Morgans
Diary. Went out to buy a pen, called on Miss Milan about
the chair covers, & when I've done this, I shall read Berkeley.
At 2.15 Lady Cynthia Curzon was married to Captain
Mosley. Though it was summer till 3.30, & it is now
brushed with blackness. - I must shut the window &
put on my jersey. Nessa comes back on Friday. Clive &
Mary are in Paris. Then, I had tea with A. & K. on
Sunday & saw all the children - Judith a great lump &
Chard; etcn with a look of the Watts drawing of mother;
get both a good deal like Costelloe. I like coming
back to Pitchers and after London Life. I like continuing our
private life, unseen by anyone. Many has asked me
to write stories for the Athenaeum. No mention of
K's wishing to see me.

Tuesday
April
May 13th

I open this in order to say that I had tea with Dora
at the Club, & was introduced to Mrs. Harold Bank.
Who is he? Well, all the voices of the world with
thunder in upley Banks! That's his new yet anyhow
Figure a randy florid broad faced man; talking with an
American (really Australian) accent. Shirt with black

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lanes. A pleasant smile. Eating steadily. Dora provided bread & butter. "No thank you I don't smoke . . . " "What is your plan exactly Mr Banks?" ~~You but th~~ To tide over the Revolution by the Cooperation of the middle classes. -
Yes. but that's a little vague - A great many people want to do that but — Well I'm here to do it Mr Jones -
I just want to talk about my Russian experiences. I want to see whether I can get the middle classes with me. If not, I go to Scotland & speak in the streets — A very good idea, I'm sure - but what are you going to say -
We want a change of government Mr. Jones -
So many gruffal — Oh, but you English do nothing.
You English & the French hold up the whole European movement. When the revolution comes — And when will it come? Within 5 years — You don't believe it? —
But why not work this down? I don't believe in waiting. I talk to the people. Organisation.
Cooperation. Middle classes. The people.
I shall do it - I'm going to do it. Organisation -
Why There might not to be a single home in the Streets -
Look at your docks — Then these buildings ought to be turned into homes — What can we do without -
the middle classes should come together — Have the programme ready — a Revolution is coming without a doubt.
Why do I believe in Revolution — partly because I don't Mr. Banks perhaps.

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Sat May 15

accurately described, today is a fine spring day, not a hot summer day – so I & I shaded it off, walking up to the Park this afternoon. But Richmond on fine Saturdays is like a lime tree in full flower – wherever one were an insect settles on the flowers. All the others swarm & buzz, & bustle. Being residents we don't, of course.

A letter from Madge this morning, asking me to review her novel: a letter from Father Lewis offering to give me a copy. Such is the morality of a woman who went pilgrim her sons by staying at Charleston. I meant to say how we sat on the grass above the Arden & watched the deer: how Jessica the semi-transparent beauty of parasol in the sun – how the air has this tenderness and most coloured dresses look to glow in it. A long flattering review gone in the Nation, wiping out Maugham's bitterness, & giving me my first taste of still intelligent criticism, so I'm set up. – Even contemplate thanking the writer.

Flora & George dined here last night, ostentribly to discuss Clara, really to talk us the simple fact that she's going to America, & may stay there permanently. Can one imagine anything less desirable than to be a person who may stay permanently in America – & it's hoped she does. The slightness of human relations often appals me. One doesn't mind in the least whether she disappears for ever. This doesn't apply to everyone I admit. I'm a little fidgety because Nessa hasn't rung me up – probably she came back last night. I liked George more than I expected. A sandy salty looking youth, unambitious, lean, humorous, decided, content to be a schoolmaster for ever, so long as he doesn't become headmaster. He talked about lynx, the small ones, & the long eared owls; also the war; he was through it all, never wounded, & saw Damascus. He said the men are very unselfish but boring, because they can talk on so few subjects. How nice, I often think, normal people are!

NYPL

Tuesday
May
16th

Gordon Square begins again - like a snake renews its
skin autumn - that's the nearest I can come to a quotation.
Gordon Square different - like a birthday plan version of 46.
Jim opens the door, ~~the~~ ale at ~~the door~~, obey a strange servant, go up bare steps,
hear children crying at various stages, go up & up -
take you each what is, in the real Gordon Square, servants bedrooms -
there's an open door to be passed just through. Sophie inside,
& one who, beneath a waggest effect, a bone proved to have the
body of Annie Chant in her. Nina is right at the top.
Work was talked till I left at 8; interrupted though by
Lytton, Angelica, & Julian. When Vella came back from
Italy there were always a great many presents. So now
I was given a hat, a brooch, a paper knife. Lytton said that
James & Alix are to be married in 3 weeks. So after all,
She has won. But though satisfactory, I find no excitement
in this. They know each other too well to stir me's
imagination thinking of their future, as one does with
most engagements. Then - talk talk; & as we were
persuading the superficial & reaching the easy-intimate,
I had to tear off, in the rain, to Wigmore Hall.
Just between Oliver & Luyon: & then musical people
don't listen as I do, but critically, superciliously.
without programmes.

Today Campbell has been to lunch. Told stories of Palestine.
I like thinking I hear men speaking alone. How his general
taught him to ride. "No need to say clk clk - you're not
talking to a canary." C. Dawes like a gentleman, &
I: could say to him that he burlesqued nothing without
making him deny it. Little romance about the church:
them I don't see how they go through with it. How get
through the service? - for you can't joke at God as one
does at an editor - He won't get mad he that there's
no shop about God - I suppose not at least. Logan

Came on Sunday, & amused me for an hour. Tell us about Christ, & his travels — but if you're not amused by Lytton, you're disinterested. Yo, alas, we begin to find; Nena his book flags & we run risk & losing money by it. A bad review in the Times, another in Athenæum; no rush & orders. I hope dribbles along, but she is a negligable matter.

Monday May 10-20 — I'm pilloried my empty tank as fast as I can — for some reason, I've been in quite tea lately, two leggy to read Greek, & rejected by the Times, though not by the Woman's Times, & by the by. A light article needed on Psychology & War Widows. All the burden & glory of reviewing falls on L. Though & I get on with Jacob — the most amusing novel writing I've done, I think; in the doing I mean. Up yesterday with Ethel is Nena: heard & the mysterious letters from the grave (but this story isn't recorded — her maid's relatives) & the many difficulties which threaten Maynard through him. her. Gambling on the Exchange is the technical name & it, & things rising for the moment, he loses. The question is how long he can hold out: triumph certain in the end, a crash that is. The war has put its skeleton fingers even into our pockets. Then I went on with L. to dine with the Coles in Chelsea — The Coles are Webbs in embryo - with differences of course. I'm used to being at ease with clever young men, but & to find myself stumped, caught out, leg before the wicket at every turn is not pleasant. Never was there such a quick, hard determined young man as Cole; Concerning his labour sympathies, which are I suppose intellectual, with the sarcasm & Mees & Oxford. Then there's a bust & W. Morris in the side board, too much to eat. Morris Curtains, ah the works & all the classics, & Cole & Mrs. Hoffnig in the mantle like a couple & Cockney sparrows incapable &

NYPL

more than pleases a respects which they do too skilfully for my taste. The whole effect as of electric light full in the eyes - unbecoming at my age. I think the excitation rose partly from a sense that this cleverness was inaccessible. Then they call each other 'darling'. Then there were two or three men from Government offices. Joker about Beveridge & Mann, & David Mars subsiding into complete silence in the back ground till taken home by his broad browed, loquacious wife in the ragged petticoat. One can see Mrs Cole ruthlessly belonging the eleventh elderly fox terrier type of intellectual women — as there not a shade or valley in her mind. Cole, grinning like a Gutter pipe demon took us to the door — so spry, alert, virile, & ominous.

I have written to Katherine. No answer. Mrs Lynd reviewed me in the Nation.

Monday May 24th

A real Bank Holiday - blazing weather, crowds & traffic increasing - Crowds like queues in the streets - a new scent in the air perfectly joyous to Hurlingham to see polo, & which I must for ever make this rapid note. You get the impression that the turf is india rubber - so big lightly do the horses spring - touching it a tip again - Captain Lockett galloping down with his stick like a Persian rider waiting a lance. A large white ball is then thrown in the midst. The horses twist & dart, & dance their pawing, sweet as Mexican cats like tawny leaping cats their scamper after the ball: only a jaw & they come past you hear a roar in the nostril. But the bounce & agility of them all knotted together pawing the ball with their feet indescribable: pazing in a round from full gallop to delicate dribbling trot as the ball is dribbled almost between their feet. This is the game of the officers & England. Each had 8

ponies, are tested in this frenzy of freshness only 7 minutes. Anyhow it was well worth seeing. A very large ground. We elect in a shelter, public squatting on grass, or on chairs. The horses become suddenly big when they gallop straight at you & then have alarming. At a little distance the most practised & controlled of movements.

Summer has set in two days ago. Yesterday for the first time was lunched out of doors. The Swedes came. Affable conversation. The a painter, a cool friendly Scandinavian, highly enlightened; but I suppose there's some lack of temperament in the enlightened races.

Wednesday May 26th

Running through this I see I've left out one or two important pillars in the mosaic. Manningham has written to ask L. to act as 2nd string in the foreign dept. during vacations, which we interpret to mean that Goldie has taken the 1st string. This suits us on the whole better than t'other. Then L. has been adopted as the candidate of the 7 Universities; may even be writing his letter of acceptance upstairs now. We are having the kitchen re-built at a cost of £60 at Monks House. And the night Morgan & Nessa dined here we saw a fire. Three minutes of excitement — great flames shooting up behind the playground: then a glow as of red yellow sauce, with flat sparks falling & flying: then a lovely light when the hose shot into the air, wraithy-wisely in light & roaring like a rocket. A pouring crackling noise all the time, & now & then wood crashing in. L. went out: & many people came trotting along in mackintoshes; 12 o'clock being struck. The Woman next door, wife of the fire-Captain, rushed up distracted, & came home in tears, (so the servants say — they sat up. I swore). And then I'm wakened in

Labour

NYPL

the New Republic write high praise — indeed no blame. Is this typical of America — more cordiality to the English than we are to ourselves? This morning Katherine wrote a stiff, formal note thanking me for my kind post card, & saying she will be delighted to see me, though "Gromm very dull". What does this mean — the heart with me? Anyhow I go on Friday to find out, unless Noffed as is always possible. ~~Anyhow~~ I praised her Norf warmly; sincerely too.

Monday May 26th 31st

Back from Monks' an hour ago, after the first & only weekend — the most perfect I was going to say, but how can I tell what weekends we may yet spend there? The first pure joy of the garden I mean. Wind enough outside; within sheltered; & weeding all day to finish the beds in a queer sort of enthusiasm which made me say this is happiness. Gladioli stand my in troops: the mock orange out. Kitchen wall battered down. Hs were cut till 9 at night, though the evening was cold. Both stiff & scratched all over today, with chocolate earth in our nails. Then the bell has started again; we went into Lewes for the first time since the war. Gunn rode across the level crossing with his great bob tailed dog. The Thomases were on the platform: poor little draggle tail sisters, clinging to their ladyhood any longer. Thomas affable & kindly to the men, telling them, in a sermonical voice, about the water spout at Louth. "Very serious, many lives lost, & a quarter of a million damage": as if to conciliate them: no teeth in his upper jaw. Gunn cantered through the water meadows, his mare 'very clever at the gates but she will stand still' as the men said, these things interesting them more than water spouts.

I had my interview with K. M. on Friday.

NYPL

A steady decomposing formality & coldness at first. Enquiries about house & so on. No pleasure or excitement at seeing me. It struck me that she is of the cat kind: alien, composed, always solitary - observant. And then we talked about solitude, & I found her expressing my own feeling, as I never hear them expressed. Whereupon we fell into step, & as usual, talked as easily as though 6 months were minutes - till Mary came in with a pair of blue & pink Dresden candlesticks: "I have very nice" she said. "But do you like the candles" Virginia, how awful what am I to say? "I have spent £5 on them" she said, as she left the room. I see that they're often hostile. For one thing - Mary writing. Did you like C. & A.?" No, I didn't. Neither did I. But I thought D. was I. was dreadful - wrong - It's very very difficult, often ..." Then Mary came back. We chatted as usual. Aldous were our butt. Aldous has brought out Leda: will the public consume him too? But Mary grew at length, I. & I one more jot upon literature. Quentin & her stories. This last one, Mary writes, is her first in the new manner. She says she's mastered something - is beginning to do what she wants. Prelude a coloured post card. Her reviews mere scribbling without a thought in them. And Julian's praise of the A: detestable to her. A sheer effort the produce of someone apart, entirely self-centred; altogether concentrated upon her 'art'; almost fierce to me about it, pretending I consider it waste. 'What else is there to do?' We have got to do it. Life -" then how she tells homely stories at night about all the lives in a town "It's a spring night - I go down to the docks - I hear the travellers say -" acting it in her usual way, improvising. Then asked me to write stories for the A. 'But I don't know that I can write stories" I said,

NYPL

Lonently enough, thinking that in her view, after her review came, as had there were her secret sentiments. Whereupon she turned on me, — said no one else could write stories & left me — knew the right 'gesture'; a turning point — Well but Night + Day, I said, though I had it meant to speak yet.

'An amazing achievement' she said Why, we've not had such a thing since I don't know when —

But I thought you didn't like it?

Then she said she could pass an examination in it.

When I come + talk about it - lunch — & I'm sorry to lunch; but what does her reviewing mean then? — or is she emotional with me? Anyhow, once more as keenly as ever I feel a common certain understanding between us — a queer sense of being 'like' — not only about literature - & I think it independent & gratified vanity. I can talk straight out to her.

Saturday June 5th —

Here we are in the prime of the year which I've thought of & often in January + December always with pleasure; & that even if June's bad, one has had more pleasure from it than from all the other months. Is that typical? What I believe is that one brings out the taste of the month one's in by opposing to it another. Thus But to think of December now gives me no pleasure - I'm gone back into Winter clothes; it's bitter windy; & the grass sparkles + glints instead of burning. It burnt on Derby day though - the day I lunched with L.M: + had 2 hours priceless talk - pricaley in the sense that to no one else can I talk in the same disembodied way about writing; without altering my thought more than I alter it in writing here. (I & get L. from (bed) We talked about book, writing & me + my own. N + W. a first rate novel, she said. The suppression is at present, but accounted for by circumstances.

NYPL

Then I said 'you're changed. Got through something;' and there was a sort of self command about her as if having mastered something interferences were no longer so necessary. She told me of her terrific experiences last winter - experiences of loneliness chastity; alone (or only with 'Leslie Moore' alias Ida Baker) in a stone house with caverns beneath it into which the sea rushed: how she lay in bed alone all day with a pistol by her; a man banged at the door. Sydney wrote 'Stick at ent' twice, underlined. Many sent a balance sheet of his accounts. Came at Christmas with plum pud and a card cheque: 'Now I'm here, it's all right'. When she ~~went to~~ went to him for assurance, didn't get it. I will never look for that particular quality again. I see what he means, vaguely. She is nervous about her book coming out; fearing lest she hasn't done enough. What she feels gaudily for fame & criticism, I don't know; but they in her perhaps too excited talk, this is not very ~~very~~ gaudily told. Anyhow, I enjoyed myself: & this fragmentary intermittent intercourse of mine seems more fundamental than many better established ones.

I dined last night with Walter Lamb & Mrs Madan at Hounslow. In this old manor house (cream coloured & black) Mrs Arnold used to sit drunk. The high rooms are mostly panelled, & papered with Chinese papers. Outside there is a square garden, ash & hair flowering in the wind. It was a cold night, & poor Mrs. M. crouched in one room, near the flaring gas, surrounded by rich volumes, apparently not reading, nor sewing, nor talking - her husband away, & the people of Hounslow vicinity a hostile. A kind of ether of great luxury everywhere, as

NYPL

becomes the daughter of Mrs Lupton Noble. Much talk of royalties
the A. W. moving in the same sphere. One Princess, Marie
Louise, lodges, for months now, in Kent House, a has drawn
away Mrs & Master Noble. She keeps regal state
with a maid of honour. The atmosphere of this struck
me greatly, the unreality. Then her efforts to join the
Kings ~~family~~ private view of the R.A. Something 18th Century
in it; a taste of patrons & back stair intrigue.
Mrs M. was a sharp shrewd unpretentious young woman
going to have a baby, contently fed on chopped hay, I should
guess, but not servile; only not happy & never will
be I suppose, since one could detect that her husband
filled no important place. They started life in their
Hounslow farm 10 months ago. "But what a
splendid beginning for married life!" I said.
Indeed it is not!" she replied. Jeffrey had gone off,
& taken the Key of the post. The discomfort of the
weird route (v. L-Post is) became acute before the.
Evening was over; like a fox in something out of tune.
Something flat grey — furtive among innocent leaves.

Tuesday June 6th — It is quite right to think of June in December, save that its a little over-fresh today, almost as if there were Brighton sea round the corner. One grey dull days yesterday — National Gallery — there met Clive — Cis at Gunters — much of a spectacle — old black & white lady with Confidante observing manners & customs. Somewhat amused. young man with a back like a clothes horse hung with perfect grey clothes — little women or girls with transparent legs tripping down into the shady cares — Cis tucked or tipped in the strangest Selene — two young ladies with their mother eating

NYPL

in complete silence: not a spark of life - properly dressed, from the Country perhaps. But don't mothers - daughters ever talk? Would a young man have walked them? I could not say what went forward in those mute minds. One wants News. The whole story of Mary was told me - a complete Case of servants' hysterics; all coming, I think, from her wishing to act a day Dream, & then, poor creature, stepping too far & believing it, & now babbling in St Pancras Infirmary. The night shoes taken off was quicker; & all the servants were looking from all the windows. What horrid people they are! This made my Drive to Waterloo on top ya bus very vivid. A bright night, with a fresh breeze. An old beggar woman, blind, sat against a stone wall in Kingsway - holding a worn brown trumpet in her arms & crying aloud. There was a ruthlessness about her; much in the spirit of London. Defiant - almost gay, clasping her dog as if for warmth. How many years has she sat there, in the heart of London? How she came to be there, what sleeps she can go through, I can't imagine. O damn it all, I say, why can't I know all that too? Perhaps it was the song at night that seemed strange; she was singing heroically, but for her own amusement, not begging. Then the fire engines came by - three, two; with their helmets pale yellow in the moonlight. Sometimes Everything gets into the same mood; how to describe this one I don't know - It was gay, & yet terrible - fearfully vivid. Nowadays I'm often overcome by London; even think of the dead who have walked in the city. Perhaps one might visit their Churches. The view of the grey blue Thames from Hungerford Bridge comes to me: & yet I can't say what 'it' is.

NYPL

Thursday
June
17 to

Today is Cup Day at Ascot: which I think marks the highest
tide of the greatest fewest societies greatest season — all
superlatives that mean little to me — save as I catch the
hum of wheels in Piccadilly on a fine afternoon, a
passing carriage here & there powdered faces like
jewels in glass cases. One must be young to feel the
thrill of it. We are on the road to Ascot. Open taxis
go past; & motor cars like engines on the great Western Railway.
Yet the fine weather gives us too our sudden
acceleration: dinner parties; memoir club; invitations;
coming one on top of another. And now I cannot
describe Mrs Mirrlees's dinner at the Rubens Hotel,
in the heart of a rich warm hearted British family
untouched in any way since 100 years ago. Civilisation
having produced that organism, stereotyped it. Brothers
are of the same species. I wonder whether its natural for
families to keep together. I didn't wonder, though, that night.
Unlimited silver flowed out of strangers pockets.
Next day, I lunched at Golden Sqre for Rogers & Thom:
got stuffed in the head with wine & talk & sat there not
very comfortably. A toast to Roger mined fine
some what — no, I fear, do the pictures, which fill 3
rooms garishly, as with coloured sheets of tin,
now are being got brought. Lytton stood in a
window, & looked (at least I looked) at a woman
brushing her hair, high up in some by street, &
silence descended. "Is there enough to say?" Lytton
asked, reproving to my gay life. I said no. It
scarcely went round. Then he told me how he
lived for ambition; he wants influence not fame:
not Maynard influence, but the influence of some
old gentleman in whose 80th birthday people
present addresses — he wants to deal little words
that provide vast measures of falsehood. This
I declared to be unattainable. Rent)
believe it to be what he wishes. Tea at

NYPL

Gunters: dinner at Nevas; & so home, a little bruised about the lips, thereby for a great draught of solitude which was not given me; Nessa was dined next with the Mannys, next with Roger, & last night had the Memoir Club here, & I hate it by two steps to give any notice. Leonard is dining with the Society, which I believe I enjoy more than he does, since I shall lie in the shallow light waiting for him; then he will come in; then I shall hear the gossip.

Wednesday June 23rd.

I lay in the shallow light, which should be written dark, I think, a long time, & then Moore came & took a cold bath at 1 in the morning, consequently I was too muddled next morning to follow his explanations of Berkeley. He has grown grey, sunken, toothless, pebble-eyed, small, watchful, but perhaps not so piercing as of old. Alack of man, somewhere. He went off to take 'my baby for a walk'. I dont see altogether why he was the dominator & dictator of youth. Perhaps Cambridge is too much of a cave. Yet (I dont attempt to balance this properly) I admire his entire innocency & shrewdness; not the vestige of falsehood obscuring him anywhere. I was struggling, at this time to say honestly (that) I dont think Conrad; last book a good one. I have said it. It is painful (a little) to find fault there, where almost solely, one respects. I cant help, reflecting. the truth to be that he never sees anyone who knows Good writing from bad, & then being a foreigner, talking broken English, married to a lump of a wife, he withdraws more & more into what he once did well, only piles it on higher & higher, until what can one call it but stiff melodrama. I would not like to find The Rescue signed Virginia Woolf. But

NYPL

will anyone agree with this? – anyhow nothing shakes my opinion of a book. nothing – nothing. Only perhaps if it's the work of a young person – or a friend – no, even so, I think myself infallible. Haven't I lately determined Harry's play, – exactly appraised Ks. story, & summed up Aldous Huxley, & don't it somehow wound my sense of fitness to hear Roger mangling these exact values? Poor Roger has only sold 3 or 4 sketches. There the innumerable pictures hang, like ugly girls at a dance, & one bids a paltry price. According to Nessa, he can talk of nothing else, & they're at their wits' ends to say the right things – genius what is to be said, save that bad pictures don't sell? I had tea of my last tea at 5 Windmill Hill on Sunday. though it was the last, it was not very agreeable. (That I see is not the way I mean to put it – but a memory so round plaguy mercantile distracts me) Emphie I suppose interrupted 10 times. Janet reverted to details of selling furniture & the change to the country as if it weighed on her & she sought by making it all round nice to continue homely. Then in wound pop E. with a tea cup or a plate upon fr me to work at. "Then we've decided about Callini & the Bible?" she wound ask, which meant more explanations & divisions. I don't know what I wanted to talk about – anything, I suppose, in preference to what was fairly exactly nothing. Then the level down power of the rain was depressing too; & didn't I come home to find dear Nelly had ~~deserved~~ homely dying, sent for another doctor, & had entirely ruined poor L's evening. She's still in bed, seemingly ill as we were at Xmas; only

NYPL

now cheaper & sensible, & possibly to go home tomorrow when we go to Monk's House. Each time one looks forward to that more; & it blazing hot; every plant & tree with a frill of red & white even here, the new kitchen to be seen. all of which I must leave to describe later.

Tuesday June 29th

Back from Rodmell, which was disappointing, as if held to our lips the cup of pleasure was dashed from them. We planted by cutting down the Laurel hedge, enthusiastically, clearing a view of the downs. Nigt money L's army was had again, - so it continued, swollen & irritable, tasping every moment that should have been so delicious. The weather brooded heavy too. One day was consumed by Sayer & Barbara. Poor Barbara has the prominent nose & tired lines of premature maturity. Such a grind & a drudge her life is as fills me with pity — seeing human life as a thing to be put through the machine by necessity. For she seemed to have no choice. First Nick. Then the child — & all her lines laid down for her for life, as by the hand of fate, for she can't leap them. There she reads her Iliad. Our generation is daily submerged by the bloody war. Even I scribble reviews instead of novels because of the thick skulls at Westminster. Berlin. Sayer was airy & sprightly. The kitchen a success I think, but then I'm not a cook. Home yesterday, to find Lottie with her exaggerated foreboding - Nelly taken worse, & so on, all in an alarmist strain, until Harvey scared her skeptism She condescended to details which are not very alarming. But the poor wretches rush to protect themselves from faultfinding by so many prevarications that the truth always lowers close to the ground. Dinner with Nina last night.

NYPL

they attempted at recreation were overshadowed by his really
great + surprising one — nothing less than the death of a young
man at Mrs Russell Dana. They sat out on the roof
protected by fairy lamps + chairs. He crossed, perhaps to
light a Cigarette, stepped over the edge, + fell 30 feet onto
flagstones. Adrian alone saw the thing happen. He
called a doctor sitting there, + very calmly + bravely, as
Nena felt, climbed the wall into the garden where the
man had fallen, + helped the Dr. over. But there was
no hope. He died in the ambulance that fetched him.
The dance was stopped. Nena says the younger generation is
callous. No one was upset; some telephoned for
news of other dances. Aunt Lou tangled everything
with her salt American cheerfulness. It was odd
how, sitting high up, one began to get a sense of falling.
The man was called Wright, aged 21: for some reason
he had his birth certificate on him. Only one Brit
girl who brought him knew him. The parents
rich country people, coming up, saw were shown the
spot + had nothing to say except, 'That was
where he fell' — but what could they say? Aunt
Lou gave her version of the thing 'not a tragedy —
not in the least a tragedy — a step and then only —
seven other children — + it's over for him poor boy.'
A strange event — to come to a dance among
strangers + die — to come dressed in every clothes, +
there for it all to be over, instantly, so senselessly.
Peppa had warned them. No brandy was to be
had in any of the three houses.

Tuesday
6th July

Too much to write as usual, but we work like navvies at
reading Morgan, & have no time for frivolity. Fortnightly
Get wedged in wherever convenient. All this comes of
choosing a paper that has to be enforced with
a lining. It looks as though Morgan might boom,
though I dont as a critic, see altogether what the reason
is. And am I a critic? Take Conrads' book. We
were at the first Athenaeum lunch — a long night life
of insignificant brain workers eating bad courses.
Katherine was opposite, & I heard her enthusiastically
praising this very book. At last, appealed to, I
confessed my perversity, whereupon she hedged — to do
I. But which is right? I still maintain that I'm
the true seer, the one independent voice in a chorus of
obedient sheep, & they praise unanimously.
They always began that when the plays over — that's
my view at least. This lunch was a little dreary &
professional, a glimpse into the Stalls where the
Sullivans & Pounds & Murry & Huxleys stand stubbed
with their army in wash tubs. I see the obvious
retort: yet I can't rid myself of the fancy that if
Lytton, Roger, Vernon, Morgan, Nina, & Duncan
had been there the atmosphere would have been
less of the area steps & more of the open air.
I'm rather acid about Murry, on account of his
writing I think, & Heaven knows, a story by
Katherine always manages to put my teeth on edge.
My story's out — hailed by Sydney & Mrs Schuff — its
old hum one's private circle cares to attend to these
out bursts, & how of praise or blame comes its from
the public now. Julian here for the week end,
& the weather such constant rain as seldom happens
but & then a torrent that set streams running in Gunnets

NYPL

Tuesday
July 13th –

Oh the servants! Oh reviewing! oh the weather! Then I try to get out & writing my proper account of things. Nelly has vacillated between tears & laughter, life & death for the past 10 days; can't feel an ache anywhere without sending for me or L. to assure her that aches are not constantly fatal. Then she cries. Never, never, never will she get over it, she says. The doctor comes. Innumerable pills & draughts consumed. Sweats, sleepless nights ensue. My private wonder is, as usual, how they contrive to live a week – aren't killed by the thunder, like flies. No not in reality is in them; & as for reason, when the mood's on, as soon might one persuade a runaway horse. And nothing the matter save what one gets wounded call an upset inside & take a pill for. This drives us to accept invitations. Then if anyone comes here, the atmosphere lowers. But where have we been? Indeed I can scarcely call to mind. I don't think the boom in Morgan will be hidden through. We are advertising in the Nation.

Now for oh Reviewing! – Three weeks I think have passed without a word added to Jacob. How is one to bring it through at this rate? Yet its oh my fault – why should I do the Cherry Orchard & Tolstoy for Desmond, why take up the Pleasure Boat for Ray? But after this week I do no more. As for the weather, the sun shines in a modified way at this moment; so I will say no more, save that I don't suppose it will last, & do more than dry the top inch or layer of earth upon what must be a swamp. Yet what am I thinking of? That Ka has taken the Eagle's Nest, & that I wish it were mine.

NYPL

Aug 2nd

Purdnell

Bank Holiday. I'm the middle of baking a Cake, & fly to this page for refuge, to fill in moments of baking a pudding in my bread. Poor wretched book! That's the way I treat you! — That's the drudge you are! Still, take comfort from the thought that I brought you all the way from London, to have trembling in half sheets which jetty lost. Our season ended unexpectedly; the blind falling with the light still in the sky. If I were not ashamed of my Egotism, I could give a literal meaning to my metaphor — seeing that I had to leave Nina's great party at 11 in order to be home, not to disturb L., & be ready for packing & going next morning. [now for the Cake] Yes, but the Cake & the bread between them have kept me quite nothing till for two days — it's now Wednesday 4th., & here we are in from shrooming at Arkelane — & I with so much to write (& I must keep an eye on the window to prevent Mrs Wedman from sending L. in his bath in the kitchen) that I can't begin. Well, the great party: to me the time went in tip toe pirouettes; every minute watched a scene ala Watteau. There in the corner I sat with Lady S & we talked of my two grandfathers & the Indian Mutiny. The former about a worm like an unlovely Nina Decker, benignant, yet Early Victorian, hoarding some grievance against her family, like most old people. for not reading aloud to her, yet easy with strangers. Then Mr Parker the American — alas, when praise is tracked to the source, as often as not it proves brackish — & so was his. Never heard of me Through Pot boilers: but my chief pirouetting was with Many whose hand I took, held, & kissed, on the sofa with Clive on the other side of me. The said she hated & feared me. I wooed her like a wayward child. When one speak the truth in these occasions, reach it on tiptoe from where it hangs inaccessible in her exalted moments? Then Nina Turton, flushed, capricious, unbelieving, with the heavy idiot voice, as of old, & yet interesting too, as

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impure women are to the pure – I see per an interview in Midolean, struggling, diving, while I pace my bank. One may console oneself though by the brainlessness of the perverse. One dip is all that's needed. Maynard said she that she'd had more sexual life than the rest of us put together — saw it in her face (there came Mrs. Thornett – a L. stark naked in the kitchen!) Poor L., utterly driven for a month by Tolstoy – Morgan at last consented to Julius tried. it was indeed on the verge of destruction. As a hobby, the Hogarth Press is clearly too lively a business to be carried on in this private way any longer. Moreover, the expenses must get shared, owing to my incompetence. The future, therefore, needs consideration. This being so, we fled a week earlier than intended, sending Nelly to recover from her vapours, & bring Lottie down here. On Monday I went up, to say good bye to K. M., was inveigled into a night at 46 & could write many pages of reflections on sleeping in London again — in Maynard's bed too. Cracked my brain to think who had his bed when we lived there — how many years ago? The care & rapidity of life in London a good deal impressed me — everything near at hand, to be compared between lunch & tea, without rolling out & making a job of it. Roger, Duncan, Nessa, Clive, & so on: I seem at once much composed & in short perspective owing to my outsiders vision. K. M. asked me to review her book: I cried off on the ground that to review spoils the reading. She as soon quick as usual to take the point. They are coming to Eastbourne, so my farewell is deferred. Desperable as I am, I find myself liking to hear her underrated by C. & N. Yet protesting as a writer; & genially harbouring one or two doubts, genuine doubts, as to the merit of her stories, since the two lately printed in the A. have not been good.

And now I can't write my views of Don Quixote as intended, for I've spun my froth off, & have no wits left.

NYPL

Thursday, Augt 5

Let me try to say what I think as I read Don Quixote after dinner — principally that writing then story telling to an amused people sitting round the fire without any more device for pleasure. There they sit, women spinning, men contemplative, & the jolly, fanciful, delightful tale is told to them, as to grown up children — This impresses me as the motive of D. Q: to keep us entertained at all costs. So far as I can judge, the beauty, & thought come in unawares; Cervantes scarcely conscious of the secret meaning, & scarcely seeing D. Q as we see him. Indeed that is my difficulty — the vagueness, the texture, how far are they over, not intended — or do these great characters have it in them to change according to the generation that looks at them? Much I admit the tale-telling is dull — not much only a little at the end of the first volume, which is obviously told as a story to keep one contented. So little said out, so much kept back, as if he had not wished to develop that side of the matter — the scene of the galley slaves marching is an instance of what I mean — did C: feel the whole of the beauty & vagueness of that as I feel it? Twice I've spoken of 'vagueness'. Is that essential to the modern view? Yet how splendid then to unfurl one's sail & blow straight ahead on the first part of the great story telling, as happens all through the first story was a courtly episode in the fashion of the day, anyhow dull to me. I am also reading Ghosts le simple & bright, effective, intensely, yet so arid & pick-thore; ~~but~~ in solution if you like; but deep, atmospheric, life living people casting shadows solid, tented as ~~with~~ life — the Egyptians, like most French writers, give you a peinch of essential dust instead, much more pungent & effective, but not nearly so surrounding & spacious. Big God! — what stuff I'm writing! always these images.

I write Jacob every morning now, feeling each day work like a fence which I have to ride at, my heart in my mouth till it's over, & I've cleared, or knocked the bar out. (Another image, on thinking it was one. I must remember yet Thames Essays & purge myself).

NYPL

Tuesday
Aug 10th

I have spent the whole afternoon yellow washing the earth closet. I can now reckon up my labours: dining room distempered & cleaned; bannisters painted blue; stairs white; & now the earth closet. Tea comes quick; port (uncle Jack) in the middle of tea; then a lounge in the garden: then Mrs Thomsett round with the plates: green shaded lamp lit, & peneath it we sit ostentibly reading till 10.30: when candles are fetched, & we plod yawning up stairs. Our beds have hot & bolsters: but we may tell Mrs Thomsett calls us. She is one of the most punctual. But then Mr Thomsett is out with his cattle at 5. Perhaps it's his boots that sometimes wake me — The cattle go down to the brooks. Mr Stibbaster's motor car pants under the window.

Coming home from the Rat Farm on Sunday, a hot still day, Leonard initiated a scheme for the future of the Press. We are going to offer Partridge a share in it, bringing this perhaps minute titbit with the plumber morsel of secretaryships to L. About the middle of dinner L. developed this further: Why not mutual Partridge at Jeffereds, & buy a complete printing outfit? Why not? Run a shop there too, perhaps. Ramifications springing miraculously from this centre. The whole depends, however, upon Partridge, who has been invited here. It's a pleasant thing, come autumn, to make plans. Nelly still mysteriously dis-eased, or that being so we implore her to stay another —

Reading Dear L. stole — I suspect rather sinking in the sand — rather soft going — so long as he tells the stories aren't about him — but has the loose, far scattered reliability of the great books, which keeps me going — 'Politeness' — by L. Macaulay, a dons book. hard-headed masculine, atmosphere of lecture room, not interesting to me —

Catherine Wilmot, who went on a tour in 1802 — & kept a diary; but I have not yet got on to her — a necessary process — Now to pick sweet peas.

Tuesday
Aug 17 14 — For the first time in memory I sit down to this page instead of to the sterner one of duty & profit at some minutes after ten a. m. Damn these aristocrats! Damn myself for being such a mop — unable to settle to Jacobi Room between breakfast midday. Nelly Cecil in her motor car will descend crying 'Bert to Newhaven — may I take bread & cheese with you?' A dark restless morning, too, a little close in the house. yet chilly perhaps under the acacia: a not a spark of colour glowing. My preparations for the aristocracy — but I wronging myself — Molly Hamilton, or Molly MacCarthy or any other Molly — would call me as much their — consist in pressing a chair cover together & filling the vases with sweet peas & roses. I don't like these civic interruptions into real life. I did not like the Clutton Brocks at Charleston. London yesterday I hated More truly never not London but a certain yard of the line between Richmond & Mortlake where we stopped for an hour — a half — I, two, three at the dentists with the treat of a lounge through my favourite streets afterwards. I wanted to buy some bright piece of china for the mantelpiece. As it was I scoured the town in taxis, lavished florins, accumulated parcels, swallowed tea unencountered Kot, & then spent 20 minutes at Victoria — however, L. was there, & we could chatter. But as the train swung out into open country life seemed fresher sweeter, saner. One day I must pay a tribute to the humanity of dentists. Better than Jerusalem for the soul, I told L. — but then, I've a vendetta with Mallingham, against whom my arrow was launched. Its true though: I get more & more disinclined for journalism. I've written only half a page yet since coming here — three weeks ago; have refused 3 articles (summary of Jane, Charlotte, & Thackeray) & feel like a drunkard who has successfully resisted three invitations to drink.

Walking with Clive over the moors of Firle Beacon the other night
we talked of all this; he seriously advising me for my good
to approach America; being, as I always think, an
admirable man of business, & doing very well for himself.
And we talked about the future of the press & of the novel;
he renewed all both these questions, though perhaps I shall
find my own opinions carrying good many in his name in
America. Through the pheasant wood we came, & by
the cornfields; - I made up a sentence about paint with a
yellow glaze on it to express the warm deep colours, laid
so thickly upon field & down & overlaid with some varnish
so that it glowed not raw, but under skilful preservation.
There was Maynard, Duncan, Nessa; & we broached the
new studio, where I sat with the painters all the
next morning - talking, talking - talk, as I say, the
Brooks came, & we turned intelligent & cultured again.
I rode home over the fields - one of the few days, which are, as
I maintain, days: the grand windy rainy weather bring
the variety & deviation. All being prepared, down to
chicken & tongue, Molly H. & Vanessa did not come - her
mother taking the occasion to fall from a ladder.
By opening the garden door I enlarge our garden so far as
Mount Caburn. There I walk in the sunset; when the
village clustering the hill has the solemn sheltering look
which pathetic, somehow, emblematic, anyhow very peaceful &
human, as if people sought each others company at night
& lived trustfully beneath the hills. The old white haired
Women sit on the doorstep till 9 or 10, then go in;
& the light is lit in the upper window - all is dark by
ten o'clock. I had reason to observe nocturnal
habits the night last night, for after my recuperative draught,
was over, Lottie was still not home; & when 10
struck I: determined to go in search. Bleating alone
along a road in ruts in the dark she might well have
fallen - & so forth. I went on foot up to the Cross
roads; thus passing all the men coming back from the

NYPL

public house, & saying more 'Good nights' than in a week of
daylight - just proving what I've said of the sociable
sociability of night fall. Then, too, Maid had their lamps lit for
them by Mrs Malthouse's beer. Presumably every man
in the place spends his evenings in the public house & comes;
& I shd like once in a way to hear their talk. [George
Sturgeon, who came with Flora on Sunday, has disciplined me
with Coventry talk - his is all of cricket & tennis -
Coarse shapes of humanity appearing through the haze, &
all stamped according to their position in Lewes society -
I don't think the intellegentzia need fear either on earth or in
Heaven, the competition of these simple natures - for
stupidity, buttressed stoutly with all the conventions &
prejudices is not nearly so humane as we free-thinkers are]
When the clover smelt sweet up by the corner; & there was
Lewes flashing, truthfully speaking with a kind of diamond
brilliance, & the sky all powdered(?) with stars, grey
with them, since the moon was not up. L. found
Lottie at the level crossing, her bicycle punctured, her
lamps out, but hilarious & loquacious as a jay in the
sun light.

Thursday Aug. 19th

I raise my head from making a patchwork quilt. This is the
day of the month when I dispatch Darning & fine needlework
& do in truth more useful work than on days of free intellegence.
How shifting & vacillating one's mind is! Yesterday broody &
drowsy all day long, waiting Lauley, & yet without Strict
Conviction, as though fluent under drugs: today
apparently clear headed, yet unable to put one sentence
after another - sat for an hour, scratching out, putting in,
scratching out; & then read Technique with Comparative
Ease - always Comparative. Oh dear me! We had
Nelly Cecil from 12 till 4.30: & how made a very
Heavenly tea made our equipment seem! The rooms
Immaculate. The silver tarnishing, the chicken dirty, &
the china telling. It was hard work, one gets always

NYPL

at her ear, & the poor woman, receiving a word from one or the
gets incessantly. Beginning on the very outskirts of intimacy
we made progress to the centre. To begin with she's they
apologetic for the infliction: 'I'll stay one hour — oh I'm
interrupting — how you must curse me for breaking in on
you!' But this went by & her mind, trained to deal with
the [illegible] political & situation kept her alert. We had
much jumps too, chiefly about Mrs Asquith & her machinations.
how the remnants broke up the old aristocratic world.
Then to religion. 'I have not so much yet as I used to
have. When one was young one wished for immortality.
And the war made it difficult — oh yes. I go to church
Well. Bob had a good, earnest life, & goes on
believing.' Bob is at Deauville with the Morleys
for a month. Indeed, one guesses at isolation
unspeakable; never was there such a look of solitude on
any human face as on hers; as if always away from
life, alone, forced to bear it, & be grateful for any help.
Her body incredibly little & shrunk, eyes slightly fading;
cheeks sunk in.

Friday Aug 20th — Mrs Redman cajoled us there by calling it a funny
funeral, & promising that the bearers would wear
smock frocks. But only 6 were to be found in
the village; so the plan was given up; but Tracy was
lowered to his grave by black farm labourers, two
of whom managed to tumble into the grave as
they lowered him. Smock frocks exist however, as
we proved by shewing us Grandfather, a fine
piece of stitchery it is, with a pattern appropriate
to Rodmell, distinct from all other villages. Ike,
who now sits on the bench in the churchyard walks,
wore it on Sundays. The entire male
population of Kingston village came out of church
after the coffin: brown faces, white hairs, shewing
on top of coal black coats. From Asheham

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meagre girls provided with white handkerchief which they used
automatically. walked first — one poor old thing wore a
ribbon of black velvet round her throat. The clergy
acted with much portentous gloom that even now I daresay
they scarcely feel comfortable. - Still glowering like a
gargoyle one of them sat in his pew, waiting to go back to
Lewes. The day was cold; a thunder shower purple in the
sky. As usual, the service seemed child, awkward,
unmanageable; everyone subduing their natural feelings,
& seeming to play a part because the others did.
The coffin was a pale grey, wreath attached by strings.
Whether the Catholic form is warmer, I know not;
~~their seemed~~ a strange contention this. I saw one man
shovelling a few spades of dust at the right moment.
We stood under a yew tree, by a large tomb. But
the ceremonial spirit is entirely absent. We never
catch fire. Then the awkwardness of old Sunday coats &
hats. Kingston is a fine village, with old bow windowed
houses, & the path running to the heart of the hill.
I felt Sunday clinging to my clothes like the smell of
camphor. — can't write as I perceive with shame, or rather
with amusement.

Wednesday Aug 25th

For the third time this summer, though in no other summer,
I went to London on Monday, paid 3/ for a plate of ham, —
paid food toge to Katherine. I had my euphemism at
parting; about coming again before she goes; but it is
useless to spend these farewell visits. They have a
something crowded, unnaturally calm too about them
& after all, visits can't do away with the fact that she
goes for two years, is ill, & heaven knows when we
shall meet again. These partings make one pinch oneself as
if to make sure of feeling. Do I feel this as much as
I ought? Am I heartless? Will the mind my losing
father? And then, after noting my own callousness,

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y a midden comes the blankness y not having her to talk to. so
en my rede the feeling is genuine. A woman caring as I care
ur writing is rare enough I suppose to give me the greatest
leare y echo coming back to me from her mind the record y
y've spoken. Then, too, there's something in what she say y over
being the only women, at this moment (I must modestly
limit this to in our circle) who [redacted] write left enough to
make the talk of writing interesting. How much I dictate
to other people! How often too I'm silent, jealous of wishing
to speak. I said how my own character seemed to cut out a
shape like a shadow in front y me. Then she understood (I give
it as an example y her understanding) & proved it by
telling me that she thought this bad, one ought to merge into
things. Her senses are amazingly acute - a long
slow description the gave y hoeing plants - pushing the
hose over the high trees, then over the shrubs, then over
the mignonette. And Mary said slowly, "you've got it
wrong, Katherine. Youth wasn't like that. At least I'm
sure mine wasn't." Mary playing tennis all day;
an oddly detached couple. She wants to live in an
Italian town & have tea with the doctor. It suddenly
strikes me as I write that I should like to ask her
what certainty she has y her work's merit. - But we
perhaps to write to each other - We will send me her
diary, & I'll ask us? Will she? If I were left to
myself I should; being the simpler, the more direct y the
two. I can't follow people who don't do the obvious
things in these ways. I've wanted about her book; I
shall review it; but whether she really wanted me to,
God knows. Strange how little we know our friends.
To I missed my train; & what I wanted most in the
world was to catch it & travel back with L.
Nelly is now going to have her teeth seen to. No talk y
her coming back yet. I am quite given up as a
reviewer - reverently by the Times I believe - a forge
ahead with Jacob, which I wager to finish by Xmas.

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Thursday
Aug 31st

The last day of August... what a day! November in the city without the lights. Then the schoolchildren singing, as I wrote Lottie chatter-chattering — & I'm out of mood. Detestable grey days — life has too few days to waste them thus. I must walk my temper it upon the Downs. But first I've Partridge & Carrington to deal with. Another step has been taken in life: we have a partner & a secretary at cost of £100. Rash, I suppose: but then what's the point of life if one's not rash? Anyhow was the point holiday. — If the Press is to live, it had better run a risk or two. The young man, aged 26, just left Oxford, is a superb body — shoulders like tough oak; health tingling beneath his skin. Merry shrewd eyes. Tells George Hanford I'm very fond of unspoilt young men: but P. hasn't that unspeakably anyhow. He has been religious; is now Socialistic; literature I don't suppose counts for much: he's written an essay on Milton, which C. was not struck by. Happily we had fine weather; a rat in the meadow — watched byhere, & afternoon play cricket — the last people I wished to see. Somehow that the dreary should be seen by cultivated eyes, self-conscious eyes, unveils them to me. I wish there were nothing but Wedmans, Bolliers & Stacys in the world; as they alone people the graveyards. Carrington is ardent, vibrant, wellbrained, appreciative, a very humble disciple, but with strength character to present individuality. A little ashamed of J., I thought her. But what shoulders! what thickness of bone! He is an admirer of L's. Well, how will it turn out? What shall we print? Wells has asked us to stay. What else news is there? The time seems to race ahead, broken into halves by the post: & I've such a letter & book to read — & none to review. Finished Sophocles Ant. A cold, disappointing summer.

This morning — read martlets at Asheham —

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Wednesday
Sept 8th

Perhaps a little authoritativeness may be allowed — simply that I've taken the plunge & refusing my books from the Times, & dictated conditions for the future — only leading articles, & those I suggest myself. No answer from Richmond, so I don't know his view yet. But of course, far from being upset, he was respecting my holiday, & suggested a list of victims. Many a Lawrence among them, at the thought of which I shivered & shuddered, & finally decided to run the risk. At this moment I feel it more a risk than usual ~~yesterday~~ the day before yesterday, as Lytton, Mary, Clive, came here yesterday, discussed immortality, & I find my bed for it is an utter wreck. What about poor Janet then? & had I better devote my pen through sheets that pay 5/a morning, in the intervals of writing letters? Oh vanity, vanity! how it grows on me — how detestable it is — how I strive to crush it out — how French is the only thing I can think of. Then I didn't like Mary: dented, tinted, lewd lipped, & bleareyed; & the Carlovingness that is the mean rule gives that feasts on such dirt garbage: & resentment rests her for making me feed on garbage, & the raging sharp things I then had, — I unable to say outloud "Well then, why come & sit on my lesson?" Why does she? And I always break off 'poor wretch' — yet not just magnanimously in her case. L: at tea put me right: M.H. is one of few people I dislike, I said. No: he replied: one of the many you dislike & like alternately — The bread had not risen — I was worried this morning by schoolchildren: & I Late people to compare their to the disadvantage of Strachan - M.H. again. Lytton gave me a lesson in simplicity. If anyone has a right to talk of immortality he has with his gedehous & so on. Yet when L: bravely told him he had no chance of that, he did not narrow his eyes, shift his hands, or do anything but look calm & animated. It was an amazing talk.
So far has our act justified its promise? Lytton

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maintains that in ourselves we are as unmistakable as the Johnsons etc, though our works may perish – still we're still at the beginning of our works. Then came that absent Madame de Sevigné: then Duncan seven his chance; I compared E. V. with Macaulay. a bright Lytton perhaps uncertain about Victoria. Maynard says, however, it should succeed better, indeed is better. Much talk of Athenaeum Lady Blessington, our printing prospects: Lee before they went. Lytton comes on Friday. After all, shit he the choicest ever? And now I can go out – look at the downs – where?

Wednesday Sept 17th

Selby by the way has now had I suppose every organ in her body examined, & is pronounced healthy with the exception of her teeth. So that that seems the true one; – but I confess I don't look forward to the winter. The fact is the lower classes are detestable.

Something of that reflection I owe to Lytton who has been with us from Friday to Tuesday, & now that the rain is come, I observe maliciously, is with the Stubbses at Wittering (Never does Mary darken my door a shadow my lawn again, I observe) – And that too comes from Lytton – its a consequence of walking all along the flats with him, as a brilliant evening, so up by Northlease farm onto the downs. His admiration of the place made up for all disparagement. But see how many little facts, agency, points of view I collected from him – that Mary didn't like me 'very feminine', that Clive is a buffoon, that the lower classes are vulgar – stupid, that the Selby Biggs are useless & pretentious, that we only remain – but that the world's very amusing & pleasant on the whole, society agreeable (women essential; & I think there are one or two doubts of his about the value of his work compared with creating a world of one's own. Then 'Life is very complex' – this murmured as if intimating, referring to his own difficulties, which I had

NYPL

explained to me on the Roman Road. A repetition of Nick — Barbara. C. lately lives with P. like Clerestmas, then comes to a decision. And we walked all the way to Kingston, talking, back over the flats, talking. Save for shadow that once or leave him ruffled, he is now uniformly amiable, & takes pains at table — so that something is always on foot. At night we had the first two or three chapters of Victoria — Disappointing to say I was twice overcome with sleep, owing to over wood fire; but the liveliness of it is such as to make one forget whether it's good or not. I don't know what qualities it has. I suspect it depends too much upon amusing quotations, & is too much afraid of dulness to say anything out of the way — Not at all a meditative or profound book; on the other hand, a remarkably composed & homogeneous book. I doubt whether these portraits are true — whether that's not too much the conventional way of making history — But I think I'm coloured by my own wishes, & Experimental mood: A mistake in the matter of condensation & Composition I suspect. But we are to read it when done. Blessed with fine weather. I could look from my window, through the vine leaves, & see Leighton sitting in the deck chair reading Alfieri from a lovely vellum Copy, dutifully hastening out words. He wore a white felt hat & the usual grey clothes; was long & tapering as usual; looking so mild & so ironical, his head just out thrust. As usual, I got my various impressions: of sanity, a gentle but inflexible honesty; lightning speed; something feverish & fastidious; something incessantly living, suffering, reflecting inwards. Still he can withdraw in that superlative way that used to gall me, still show himself superior to me, contemptuous of me — of my mortality, that is, not of my mind. For my own encouragement, I may note that he praised the Voyage but reluctantly; "Extremely good" it seemed to lose on re-reading, especially the nature of the Dalloways. Night & day he judges better, on the whole.

NYPL

Well, I can walk & talk with him by the hour.
I should have made more gring release from reviewing. When I'd sent my letter to Richmond I felt like someone turned out into the open air. Now I've written another in the same sense to Murray, returning Mallock; & I believe this is the last book any editor will ever send me. To have broken free at the age of 38 seems a great piece of good fortune - coming at the nick of time, & due of course to L: without whose journalism I couldn't just mine. But I greet my emancipation with the belief that a foreign article once a week is a greater wonder, less laborious & better paid than any work; & with luck, if I can get my books done we shall profit in money-making eventually. And, when one faces it, the book public is more of an ideal than the newspaper public, so that I'm not sacrificing responsibility. Now, of course, I can scarcely believe that I ever wrote reviews weekly; & literary papers have lost all interest for me. Thank God, I've stepped clear of that Athenaeum world, with its reviews, editions, benches, & little tattle - I should like never to meet a writer again. The proximity of Mr. Allison, reputed editor of the Field is enough for me. I should like to know names of sensitive, imaginative, unselfconscious unliterary people, who have never read a book - Now, in the rain up to ween, to talk about the door of the coal cellar.

NYPL

Friday
Sept. 17.

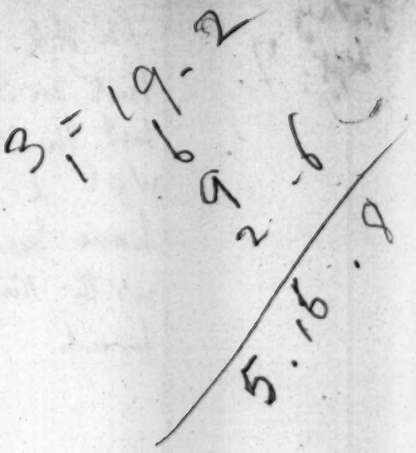
Oh still in the rain — the green I see through the window has a sulphur
tint on it — perhaps the evening sun is sinking behind Palmer —
but the rain rains so as to beat the ashes to the ground, &
wet L. through. Jinny & coming from the EC. We
have been into Lewes nevertheless — by train, & walking home
with knapsacks. I bought two pairs gyaiters. & a hair
brush. We met Mr Thomas at the halt.

Rough weather! said Leonard.

It is! It is indeed. But then you see, we are
already in autumn. And the sea is only three, &
a half miles away." Thus he said nervously & eagerly, like a
child: & then came out with his measurement, the fame of
which has reached Rodmell already: 250 tons grain fell that
other night. But the harvest is in. What then news is
there! L: caught a rat in our bedroom & killed it with a
towel. I thought the time the wind was in last night.
We were wakened by a clap of thunder. Lottie spent
the night at Charleston. I wrote this as yet more
to be my last chance. Eliot comes tomorrow. We
do not look forward tightly: but it's interesting, which is
always something. I've reached the party in Jacob &
write with great pleasure.

Sunday
Sept 19th

Eliot is separated only by the floor from me. Nothing in mans or womans
shape is any longer capable of upsetting me. The odd thing about
Eliot: that his eyes are lively & sympathetic when the rest of his
face & the shape of his sentences is heavy formal & even heavy.
Rather like a sculptured face — no upper lip: formidable,
powerful; pale. Then those hazel eyes seeming to escape from
the rest of him. We talked — America, Ottoline, anti-bourgeois
printing. Squire, Murry, criticism. "And I behaved like a
pro[illegible] pompous little ass" when one of his comments upon
his own manner at Garsington." He is decidedly of the
generation beneath us — I daresay superior — younger, though.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5.16.8

Monday
20th Sept:

to go on with Eliot, as if one were making one's accustomed observations. He left last night directly after dinner. He improved as the day went on: laughed more openly: became nicer. L. whose opinion on his matter I respect, found him disappointing in brain-less powerful than he expected - with little play of mind. I kept myself successfully from being submerged, though feeling the waters rise once or twice. I mean by this that he completely neglected my claims to be a writer. I had been meek. I suppose I should have gone under - felt him a his views dominant & subversive. He is a consistent specimen of his type, which is opposed to ours. Unfortunately the strong writers he admires are Wyndham Lewis & Pound. - Joyce too, but there's more to be said on this head - We had some talk after tea (I sent off the Mayors) about his writing. I suspect him of a good deal of concealed vanity: open anxiety about this.) I urged him with w. vividly concealing his transitions. He said that explanation is unnecessary. If you just state, you dictate the facts. You should feel these without explanation. My other charge was that a rich & original mind is needed to make such psychological writing effective. He took me his was more interested in people than in anything. He can't read Wordsworth when Wordsworth deals with nature. His turn is for caricature. In trying to defend his meaning (I don't mean satire') we floundered. He wants to write a verse play in which the 4 characters of twenty act the parts. A personal upheaval of some kind came after Prufrock, & turned him aside from his inclination - to develop in the manner of Henry James. Now he wants to set down the externals. Joyce gives internals. His novel Ulysses, presents the life of man in 16 incidents, all taking place (I think) in the day. This, so far as he has seen it, is extremely brilliant, he says. Perhaps we shall try to publish it. Ulysses, according to Joyle, is the greatest Character in history Joyle himself is an insignificant man, wearing very thick Eye glasses, a little like Shaw to look at, dull, self-centred, & perfectly self assured. There is much to be said about

NYPL

Eliot from different aspects — for instance, the difficulty of getting into touch with clever people. — & so forth — anaemia, self consciousness, but also, his mind is not yet dull blunted or flawed. He writes to write precise English; but catches himself out in lies & if anyone asked him whether he meant what he said, he would have to say no, very often. Now in all this I showed up much better than I did; but I didn't much mind.

Sunday Sept 26th But I think I minded more than I let on; for somehow Jacob has come to a stop, in the middle of that passage too, which I engaged so much. Eliot coming on the heels of a long stretch of writing fiction (2 months without a break) made me listless. Cast shade upon me; & the mind when engaged upon fiction wants all its boldness & self-confidence. It said nothing — but I reflected how what I'm doing is probably being better done by Mr Joyce. Then I began to wonder what it is that I am doing: to reflect, as is usual in such cases, that I have not thought my plan out clearly enough — so to dwindle, niggle hesitate — which means that mei lost. But I think my 2 months of work are the cause of it, & may that I now find myself veering round to Evelyn, & even making up a paper upon Women, as a counterblast to Mr. Bennetts adverse view reported in the papers. Two weeks ago I made up Jacob incessantly on my walks. An odd thing the human mind — so capricious, faithless, infinitely shying at shadows. Perhaps at the bottom of my mind, I feel that I'm distanced by L: in every respect.

Went to Charleston for the night; & had a vivid sight of Maynard by lamplight — like a forged seal double chin, large red lip, little eyes, sensual, brutal unimaginative: one of those visions that come from a chance attitude, lost as soon as he turned his head. I suppose though it illustrates something I feel about him

NYPL

then he; read neither grey book – In spite of this I enjoyed myself: L. came over next day, found me neither suicidal nor homicidal. Home we rode after their nonchalant early tea – Charleston time invented by Maynard, being an hour before summer time. Summer time, by the way is extended for a month owing to the threat of strike which I pray won't take place – But what do I know? – Can't master these leading articles. Eliot has sent me his poems, & hopes to maintain contact during the winter. This was the test of much discussion at Charleston; & in private, with Nad that is, I divulged my intention to deal no more with M.H. They agreed, I think. N. produced further reasons why I should steer clear.

A hot summer day; two hot standing weeding in the garden. L. is clearing the big bed. Lottie Jones' mother Nelly is said to be recovered. No doubt Richmond has something to do with it.

Friday Oct 1st

Here we are at the last day; the boxes with apples standing open – This book left out by mistake, so that I take the opportunity – Yes; undoubtedly the best summer so far, in spite of greenville weather, no bath, one servant, & no £.s.d. down & washing plates. So that verdict was both set over hard. The place is enchanting – though in my jealous moods I've reconnoitred a rentrieved every other house, on the whole I decide that this is best. Even the schoolchildren's voices, & one thinks of them as birds – martins skirling round the eaves, & hilarate instead of annoying. We now give them apples, upsetting their peace, & requiring in return that they shall respect the orchard. They had already stripped several trees. So I say the time has vanished, & we are back before we have been here. Nelly, by the way, returns. I mean try to say nothing sharp, though inclined to. After all,

NYPL

villiant education – there are cyclones.

I have neither written or read since Monday, owing to a threatening headache. It was this not I feel I suppose. that broke it quick. Very slowly the will to do it last week. seems to be re-filling. I could invent again – But first I must do Evelyn, then, perhaps, Women. I think Richmond will take as many articles from me as necessary – Mum, notice, answers nothing: neither prints nor returns my story. Are these the manners of the underworld – what I call 'showing off'? It doesn't much matter. Had my account from Gerald this morning – a little disappointing, I think. I've sold 500 since January – which makes 1600 in all, in 8 months that is. Now it will slack off, & creep very slowly to the 2,000. I don't very much care – but then it gets more & more doubtful if I shall make enough money this way. Rountree has quarrelled with the Contemporary & bought it's supplement to an end. We lose £250 a year – & this is the most serious part yet. for the supplement was scarcely worth while in that form. We find ourselves free however – & to speculate about travel – Italy, Greece, France – Oh well, we rummage in the great bran tub very energetically – why not install Partridge let Hogarth, & kick up our heels? Nessa – do you? – has invented Major Grant & his equipage in the basement & thus gets rid of cooks. All houses will be run like this in a few years. And now it's clearing: blue sea sky white sea birds. I must go & see Mr Botten about sending butter. One of the charms of Rodmell is the human life: Everyone does the same thing at the same hour: when the old vicar performs ecstatically on the bells, after chivvying the women, every body hears him, & knows what he's up to. Everyone is in

NYPL

his, or their faden; lamps are lit, but people like the last daylight, which was brown purple last night, heavy purple all this rain. What I mean is that we are a community.

Richmond.

Monday Oct. 18th — This is a long break, & perhaps I should not tell it now if it were not that I am in from the Club, & can't settle to anything. Yet we have been back seventeen days, have seen a number of people, & harboured more thoughts than there are words in my mind for: Hem L: came in & told me that Rowntree wants to reconsider the death of his Supplement; will almost certainly keep it on, with a smaller staff. I'm afraid I wasn't pleased; but for here we are tied again, L: accepting £200 instead of £250; & no chance of Italy. We argued, & my fears were said to be foolish; & I daresay they are. Only I'm alarmed, sometimes, to think how easily L. might desert himself to a cause. I do my utmost to rein his career. Who have we seen? The usual people. Nina & Duncan Clive Mary Hockey Stephens, Ka, Arnold Forster, — Kot, too, who came to bring us Tchehov, & was so elated over it & other projects as to sway like a fiddle, instead of solemnly expounding us usual like a full barrel of beer. We are well launched upon the work of the Press. Partridge — Ralph I should call him — is putting his ox's shoulder to the wheel, & intends to do "hurricane" business. We are bringing out three stories by L: my book; (printed for an experiment by Mackerrell;) L have in view Tchehov, Eliot, Roger, possibly Hudson, Crosf; & need not reject Morrison A.F. wishes to employ us to print his "Rhymer" — which will be bad, but "this amounting to talk was thick.

NYPL

Monday
25 th Oct

(first day of winter time).

Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss. I look down: I feel giddy: I wonder how I am ever to walk to the end. But why do I feel this? Now that I say it I don't feel it. The fire burns: we are going to hear the Beggars Opera. Only it lies about me: I can't keep my eyes shut. It's a feeling of impotence: of cutting no ice. Here I sit at Richmond, a like a lantern stood in the middle of a field my light goes up in darkness. Melancholy diminishes as I write. Why then don't I write it down sooner? Well, one's vanity forbids. I want to appear a Milan Even to myself, Yet I don't get to the bottom of it. Its having no children, living away from friends, failing to write well, spending too much on food, growing old — I think too much of why & wherefores: too much of myself. I don't like time to flap round me. Well then, work. Yes, but I do from time to work — can't read more than a little, can hear writing is enough for me. Out here no one comes in to waste time pleasantly. When I do, I'm cross. The labour of going to London is too great. Nina's children grow up, I can't have them in to tea, or go to the Zoo. Pocket money doesn't allow much. Yet — I'm persuaded that there are trivial things: its life itself I think sometimes, for us in our generation to forgo — no newspaper telegrams nor sense of agency from some one. Mr Gurney this afternoon & violence in Ireland; or it'll be the Strike. Unhappiness is everywhere; just beyond the door; or stupidity which is worse. Well I don't pluck the nettle out of me. So write Jacobs room again with closer knit pictures, I feel. Evelyn is done: but I don't like what I write now. And write it all how happy I am — if it weren't for my feeling that it a strip of pavement over an abyss.

Wednesday
Nov. 10th

The strip I have walked some way further along the strip of pavement without falling in - Business has kept me stepping out briskly, & then, making an effort, I bought a coat & skirt, & began my social winter at Mrs. Samuel Bull's, between Katie & Elena again again hearing the same things, saying the same things. Nelly Weal spent the night with us, honest, humble, shabby, distinguished. The only people she likes are writers, her own friends she despises a little. Dorothy Mare & Mary Coleridge she respects. Nessa's room at Gordon Square is becoming what the Dacres room at 46 was 5 or 6 years ago. It is there I find that astonishing brightness in the heart of darkness. Julian coming in with his French lesson; Angelica sitting with head, sideways on Roger's foot; Clive claret coloured & yellow like a canary; Duncan vague in the background sitting astride a chair looking with blurred eyes either dimly. Then we dined with Roger, & with the Norsemen, & altogether I sometimes feel that not to have a respectable house would be a bad thing - I don't know. Ralph hints at a plan of sharing a London house with us - which tempts me, on some days. All these years set up L's story this afternoon. I've been writing to finish my book; & not a word yet to Jacob yet; & I must prepare a chapter for the memoir Club: & so, in spite of no answering, I don't do as I planned. The house was remarkably smoothly, indeed melodiously. Did I have tea at Nelly's better? days they are used; & I'm writing a story to ask why -

L: at work on a book for Swanwick: endlessly receiving tod; no news yet from Rennetire about the mpt. & that reminds me of the pickle I got into over Evelyn in the Lit. Supt last week. 4 mentaken in 4 columns.

NYPL

Sat.
Nov. 13th

This book is badly treated again: I forget what my glories are — no desire to write on it the chief I expect. Now I've finished the Symposium I may relent perhaps. The Waterlows dined last night — Hawks gaily like a squawking dab chick, waistless, in black about to bear a child. She is a persistent, pertinacious woman, & keeps her end up by force of will. Beauty has not blessed her. Later she complained to me of her discontent — how she feels small insignificant purposeless. I sketched a plan of her life, to which facts do not correspond. Sydney loomed out in the background that he too was unhappy. "Of course I'm unhappy — aren't we all unhappy?" — but it irritable, seeing that no one has any satisfactory scheme of things?" This quiet fer a scheme comes from living with Murry, who is in pursuit of one very laborious day, hunting it through the columns of the Athenaeum, for which reason Roger has broken with him — & that too we discovered, & how he turned Hawks out of the house. I laughed a good deal, & cheered myself at his discontent. Molly & Bernard seem more seriously in debt than I realized; & have somehow warded off their creditors by mortgaging old Mrs MacCarthy's life. Poor Hawks who has about £1600 a year complains of John's behaviour which entirely ruins her day.

We they take the children to the Zoo on Sunday — An odd looking couple — the wrong assortment. ~~of the~~ unromantic — terribly unromantic.

I am now translating Phaedrus, — I must set to on my thesis, I suppose. Ralph comes twice a week or so, an indomitable, perhaps rather domineering young man; loves Dancing; in the front theatre: a beating brain. He described a brothel the other night — how, after the event, he & the girl sat over the fire, discussing the coal strike. Girls handed before him — that was what pleased him — the sense of power.

NYPL

Monday
Nov. 23rd

We see too many people for me to describe them, had I the time. I have lived the last 2 weeks methodically, printing till dark, allowing myself a day off, arranging things rather successfully. So my strip of pavement (I beg that please for Jacob) widens. O but he quarrelled with Nessa - Duncan! I'm standing on my dignity. They choose to tell me lies — very well, I don't go near them till I'm asked. Will they notice it? Not in all that whirl of children &c. But I'm cheerful & composed, & conscious of the immense value of my visit. Hope has been for the weekend - over-dressed, over elaborate. Dented & transparent, yet with thick nose, thick ankles; & a little unrefined, I mean. That is I like her very much & think her very clever; but I don't like women who are vain & lacking in self-confidence at the same time. It is easily explicable - the rich uncultivated father, brothers & Trim diner: wealth; health; Jane superimposed, & the greed, like a greed for abroad paste, for fame. We talked very well together all the same; & I did my writing (a review of Lawrence sprung upon me) all the same. Why do I dislike unbalanced criticism so much — silliness about Edith Sitwell & Fledgeling? As when Osbert leads her mantelpiece with knick knacks. Old Jacob in his brown overcoat, spontaneous & emphatic showed up very well beside her. But I'm exaggerating her defects. She is clever a rattle, & she hasn't much generosity. I'm not sure that clever people always have. Then yesterday came Bob for tea, uneasy like a dog who has been roundly beaten for stealing from a butcher's shop, at coming uninvited, & offering to go & leave us to work. Then we got onto the Portia drama Every 10 minutes.

& he owned to having begun a new one three days ago.
His arguments about the need of writing classical drama, not
modern drama, evidently long in use; & I thoughtlessly
asked him to write prose. "I might as well ask you to
write poetry!" he said. Indeed it was unkind. Still
he showed up less angular & more considerate & mellow
than usual, though I detected pain in his eye — the
legacy of Gladys Deacon perhaps. I like him for praising
the other writers so unthinkingly — without regard that is
to his own portion. He praised Eliot's criticism, which
had, he said, taken away his own confidence in the poetic
drama. I doubt not that under the touches of Leith Hill
that will flourish again. Less. The most annoying thing
Petrarch was about Norton. To hear Rob rich & tread
delicately like a hippopotamus holding its breath one
would suppose Norton suicidal & maniac. The
truth seems to be 'but you must discount what I say —
it's very difficult to know what impression I'm giving — yet
he must say something to his friend; & I think its
going to be all right now; we've got over the next
few weeks —" The truth is that he has given up
mathematics ostensibly on Craigs advice, feels
humiliated, & doesn't face his friend, poor devil,
Gordon Square that is. I think I can trace the
course that back; his powers proving not quite what
his thought; worry, strain; despondency; envisaging
failure; thought of boasting; dread of being ridiculous —
all that, & then his appearance against him with
young women, morbid about sex, which clearly isn't
his strong line; culminating in a kind of breakdown
One
& the motherly housemaid's dine & feed Berry.
There he sticks, afraid to open out, without prospects,

NYPL

a man who has trusted entirely for his intellect, & taken his position for life from that: given to despising, rejecting, & tacitly claiming a exalted rank on the strength of mathematics which can't be done, & never cared to be done, I expect. (I forbore Maynard such an egotist too; never able to see any other face save his own; a worrying cat with bad behaviour who always been himself & other people. Now, poor creature, for I pity him & know his case from my own past, he translates stories from the French, & a book said to want doing by Forsyth. I can imagine the kind of humiliation that must be on him. & how he grapes this winter for some possible method in the future. And here's L. & I can't go on about the Memoir Club!

Sun. Dec. 5th

The memoir Club was fearfully brilliant – I mean I was: Leonard so much more impressive with so much less pains; & Morgan very preposterous; & Mary never laughed once at my jokes. Well, I shall laugh loud at hers next Wednesday to make up. For here I am shelved to December & only writing now I fear because my brain is tired of reading Coleridge. Why do I read Coleridge? Is it partly the result of Eliot whom I've not read; but L. has received & praised into the bargain. Eliot & Goldie dined here t'other night – a successful party. A cold in the head made one desperate like wine – nothing seemed to matter. I laughed in the Grim marble face & got a twinkle back. What a big wheta face he has beside Goldie's mobile brown monkey one. A mouth twisted & that; not a single line free & easy; all cramped, pressed, inhibited; but great driving power some where – & my word what concentration of the eye when he argues! We discussed criticism, & I find he thanks heavenly a fact. A little human laughter comes very welcome

NYPL

to him, as I guess, & I think he would willingly break up his formal way. His details about her father-in-law's appendicitis were very precise. My guess is that he wishes to detach himself from us, & welcomes us as an escape. Then — what? Gerald Duckworth engaged to Mrs Chad — Does that count as news? dinner at the Ivychurches, but I can't go into that. What do I want to go into? How hard we work — that what impresses me this winter: every compartment stuffed tight, chiefly owing to the press. Whether we can keep it up, I don't know. Then, both so popular, so well known, so much respected — Leonard 40, & I nearing it, so there's not much to boast of. In my heart too, I prefer the rendezvous anonymous days of youth. I like youthful maids: & the dense that no one's yet anybody. This open, water shocking slovenliness — but what work you! I can't write 2,000 words an hour carefully — to tea with Mrs Hussey at Clifford Inn. I don't know why I saw my own youth there: the air on her own, a journalist, poor, untidy, but thoughtful; & a younger brother coming in, to tea; not so clever, at least not launched; awkward; oh but so young.' Both going off to the play, as Adrian & I did, years ago; but perhaps this happier than I was. Figure a poverty stricken room: fire broken; mezzotint; one table; books, mostly cheap ones; writing table; no ornament or easy chair — (perhaps I had it) dark November day: up several staircases; bath, kitchen behind a dingy curtain, — another woman shaving. We talked about the new education. a Waverley education smart — a chrome something. The brother slammed. The would have none of it — clever, a pseudo-intellectual, a Victory — advanced; but I forgive all that for the sake of youth.

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Tues.
Dec. 12th

Nearing the end of the year. Everything muffled in snow & creeps with frost; streets knobbed & slippery; hands freezing as cold for some reason always makes them. Here we sit over the fire, expecting Roger. Whose book is out; & everyone's book is out – Katharine's, Murry's, Eliot's. None have I read so far. I was happy to hear K. abused the other night. Now why? Gently some objecture feeling that the adventurer merely; or Murry does it for her; & then Low had the Athenaeum stories are; yet in my heart I must think her good, tenuis & I'm glad to hear her abused. Scenes now come to mind Gordon Square at tea time – All those branches twisting themselves so fluently, like the Laocoon; so I race them from Ralph's upper room. Then there's tea in the Common room to tea. At once we plunge, even on the cold pavement, into literature. Eliot's book – "severely" for far better than the generality – Desiraefal review by Lynd "Will he; cut & dried – leaves out – don't like Milton." Shall Leyton write to the Nation? – what about Vic? So we pace to Nina's door. And Ralph? – Well? Verdict marry Ralph – A despot. True. But what happens to L. She can't live independently with me – Perhaps with Leo? Door opens, in I go; up I go: children there; set over the stove; Nina draws pictures for Angelica. And home again.

Molly Hamilton next. I'm enlarging my sphere. not very widely, but I take pains to accept what's offered. When accepted, I feel that I must make the most. It's not for nothing that I go out to tea. So there we sit, watching on the match box. 'I'm assistant editor to the Review of Reviews – at a salary of £570!" she cried. And so her mother can live in London; & she's launched; poor Molly

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can do all this by channing herself to the desk. There the desk was a books laid out as you see them in shops. And the match burnt into flame? Yes, I think so. about happiness, & human beings. I try not to think whether I'm liked for saying things, & what impression I make, only whether I think the things I say. But with another human being this is very difficult — so insensible am I, so vain. The toasters came in — poor hard boiled egg, duck's egg; going to dine at the Club, taking herself off.

I forget my first view of Molly. Going down the Strand the night of the Lord Mayor's show, such a lurid scene, like one in Hell. A boundless street; no traffic; but people marching clear, cold, & windless. A great bright light in the Strand; women crying Remember the Glorious Dead, & holding out chrysanthemums. Always the sound of feet on the pavement. Faces bright & lurid — poor Mrs. Worn caught by that illumination. I touched her arm; whereupon she jumped, like some one wounded. A ghastly procession of people in their Keep.

Sunday Dec. 17th

This I see will be the last page of the year, since I go to Garsington tomorrow for the night; dine in London at a festival party on Tuesday night; & leave for Rodmell on Wednesday. I shall take this book with me, though of course in the mood I might scribble a page to bring back. I forget to say how happy I am, since one of these pages said how unhappy I was. I can't see any reason in it. My only guess is that it has something to do with working steadily; writing things out of my head; &

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never having a compartment empty. That doesn't mean that I don't stuff the corners with idle moments. I gape at the fire. I make pleasures. Well, that's all well known.
I can't help suspecting that both Mr & Mrs Wasey slowly increase in fame. That helps to fill compartments.
No doubt I like getting letters from publishers: Even to be asked to preside over Mr Beresford Hegarty kindles me. Next year I shall be above all that. I've plucked out my jealousy of Katherine Mayo writing her an insincere - sincere letter. Her book praised for a column in The Lit Sup - the prelude of pleas to come - I foresee Editions; then the Hawthornden prize next summer. So I've had my little nettle flowering in me, & plucked it as I say. I've received my reflection for her somewhat, I don't mind, in fact enjoy. But I've not read her book. My book seems to me rather good. It's book seems to him (as I interpret) rather good. I am entreated to write for the T.L.S. Jove, I'm not asked to write for the Weal. Lytton in. Lytton dined here the other night: tired, wearied, by L. & P. I suspect. out every night at Gordon Square a pretendency doubts about Vic. We discussed Newton's law. L. very loyal to Apostles in distress, & refusing my irreverent analysis. We talk of going to Italy together. Then there was Roger, in a better cold night, but we stoked up, & I've been given his book - a sumptuous book - in return for waiting 200 addresses. I think it reads rudimentary compared with Coleridge. Fancy reforming poetry by discovering something resembling about the conservation of light!

NYPL

Then, characteristically, he deposited a bed, book cases, a stained glass window in our hall; the glass, of course, broken.
I observe that I'm now muzzled; & my depredations on the herd instantly punished. Indeed, Nessa wanted it that I was living next door for something. Indeed, my retort is, I wouldn't live there. I see myself now taking my own limbs apart from there. One of these days I shan't know where I must him. I want to know all sorts of other people — retaining only Nessa & Duncan, I think.
The Olivers dined here; Ray sitting impassive in the arm chair, rotund, massive, a little surly, in the style of Wedgwood Creighton. Oliver discovered the music. She disapproves of abstract functions in a world where there are so many concrete ones. When she does eat she relaxes. A strange life — to believe in that division between reality & unreality. So we reach the end of the year; which is for us cheerful, I think; for one thing we want to get to Rodmell; to see what has happened to the garden. I shall take a cold grey walk. Then the post. Then reading. Then sitting in the chimney corner. I shall walk out on the flats. We take the servants a cigar. comfort, for by contriving it, we're now on the best of terms with them. Left to myself I should invite people down — then probably regret it. But this is dawdling & rambling — never mind — this poor book must take what it can get & be thankful.
(I use my new bloller, just seven am by L. for the first time.)

NYPL

Thurs.
7.11
Dec

I add a postscript. observing that at the shortest day of the year, o, d. announces, the first of winter. But I want to note these things. I went to Farnham yesterday. Suburban society on the Bus going up. Young man back from city. Young women been shopping. 'Had a good day?' 'Shall I take your parcels?' 'No; you might run away with them!' Stock Exchange. 'Oh terrible Country.' Like a giant hen run. Half built houses everywhere. Roads scratched. Heath sandy & mangy. Dinner with cares. Red light on dogs legs – had me to say "How romantic other people's lives are!" "Just Lucky the waits start. Scene flooded, & cover: Janet not eating her maccaroni till they'd done. After dinner sitting over the fire, Dear lady what an errand. A mouse came out – "A nice gentleman's mouse" I said. Consternation on part of Ernestine. "But what are we to do? I'm thinking of that mouse – you can't set a trap for rats but not for mice. Seems so craftily "Well then keep a cat" – "Yes that's nature's way of it all – " or have it alone " Oh dear no. Mice eat books, besides they're so destroy. Dear me Janet, I wish we hadn't got a mouse." Question why L. M. is indecent – "It really I think." says Ernestine. Might as well

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Thurs.
Dec 21st

I add a postscript. observing that the shortest day of the year, o, d. announces the first of winter. But I want to note these things: I went to Farnham yesterday. Suburban society on the Bus going up. Young man back from city. Young women been shopping. 'Had a good day?' 'Shall I take your parcels?' 'No; you might run away with them!' Stock Exchange. The Servants Country.' Like a giant hen run. Hasty built houses everywhere. Roads scratched. Heath sandy & mangy. Dinner mute cares. Red light on dogs legs – had me to say "How romantic other people's lives are!" And Lady the waits start. Scene flooded, of course: Janet not eating her maccaroni till they'd done. After dinner sitting over the fire, poor lady that is meant. A mouse came out. "A nice gentleman's mouse" I said. Consternation on part of Emphie. "But what are we to do? I'm thinking what mouse – you can set a trap for rats but not for mice. Seems so ruffly." "Well then keep a cat" – "yes that's nature's way after all – " or have it alone dear no. Mice eat books: besides there's no Audrey. Dear me Janet, I wish we hadn't got a mouse." Question why E. M. is indecent – "It really I think." says Emphie. Might as well

kelk washing mi hands." Biscuit. Chocolate by my bed. on a smash whole mat. over on. what else? oh yes. neighbours. Miss Leonard calling. "An uncon" A name you don't often hear. But there's a bootmaker in Ipswich called Leonard. My brother had a pair of boots made there. His wife didn't seem like it oh oh ha ha! (Little laughs like notes on a flute). "Mr Murchie writes reviews for the Spectator." Parrots hot stuff - Parrots raised with great awe. Parrots hot stuff. Parrots just a black lot. Oh Parrot - Parrots just a funk in the front kitchen - Everyone abuses Parrot. Emphis has discovered honey at Bat's Corner, unknown to oldest resident.

We should be dreamy with Nevinson. but have been put off: a oh dear, I'm glad to get over the fire - a how could I of lived in London?

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Sunday | Jan. 2nd 1921

(The first time I've written 1921. And it shouldn't be written here – should be written on the first page of a new book – but we're just back from Monks, & I want little to anything – must indeed take a bath & wash my head instantly. I want to scribble notes of the Rodmell visit. Talk with Mrs Hawkesford. Cheery looking woman with pimples on lip & nose dressed in dirty ermines. We sentry sat together. Vessie tramping up & down the room (the Thorleaves) bumping into me; solemn; spiritless – oh infinitely pathetic the 'parties' of the poor! Stephen not so badly off as clergyman's wife. The first thing she told me, with passion, was that Runcie had sent plain instead of a fruit cake. 'That's the way they treat you in the country. I can't & I mean to complain. None you like plain cakes. It must be eaten. I had to make another cake today. And sometimes they send things so badly packed – in dirty paper bags – that they fall to pieces when they're undone – ' Then, without pause, to the virtues of family life & live in London, member of the forum, won't stick to anything, now getting dancing lessons with Mrs Barker (saying her Barkers name of course) Lady Portarlington has a farming, that Vessie doesn't mean to, feels but she'd like to, & what to happen

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in middle life & that's what I say." Then Bowen
almost if he'd went put her hair up — "What am I to do?
There's no life for a girl here — no girl friends — She hears
Olive talk of London. She'll go next. If she leaves me
I don't think I shall be able to stand it. I never
sent her to a school so that she might get
unsettled. We go to Brighton. She's fond of lectures.
She likes chemistry. Olive says she ought to read
the Times. We don't take the Times — nor does he
Athenæum. He lends us picture papers. But she
ought to read the debates. Then she could talk to
people. Why I can hardly talk to educated people now.
One gets out of things. One sees no one. Things
happen & I don't even know." She had been in
London, & stayed with Frank in W. Kensington (where she
was brought up) & their home looked over Queens-
"Always some game going on — ideal I call it."
She had made Bowen learn tennis at Tonbridge.
(But we were only there for a fortnight — not
long enough to learn. She is so shy — People are so
stand-offish in Lewes. Nothing ever got up. No
tennis parties. Mrs Babington (Lord Monk
Bretton's people you know) had a lawn at Rodmell
Place. She absolutely fenced his pony in at. Was it
given up completely? I offered books, tennis, —
the Times. Real interference of course — such
relations too; a country to ourselves & to keep a
woman without interests alone in the country is
magnify cables. Must come & to London

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because in London a clergyman depends upon presents.
I should have to pay calls. I should have to make myself
nice to people. And we should only get a poor parish.
Oh I don't say a word against them - or the people - only
for 7 years we've not had a road - it's too bad — —